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Notes of the Week

THE *Surrey Advertiser* has cornered Mr. Arthur Davey, the prospective candidate for the Guildford Division of Surrey, very neatly. Mr. Davey, as in duty bound, has been indulging in effusive heroics, reciting the achievements promised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in connection with the land. Mr. Davey, the imaginative son of an unimaginative father, has enacted the part of a dictaphone. Mr. Lloyd George has endeavoured to rally to himself some of his former excursions in the gentle art of misrepresentation, and his faithful henchman has reproduced his master's fairy tales, as arguments against the virtue of his opponents, as though they were possessed of all the authority of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel. The newspaper we have referred to has pointed out to Mr. Davey that the Belfast magnate who has embraced the Liberal doctrine—Home Rule and the rest of it—and who finds it more salubrious to live in Surrey than in his native Belfast is engaged in enclosing some of the best agricultural land to add to his deer park. This revelation is awkward for Mr. Davey, because he cannot afford to fall out with his powerful supporter—the *beatus possidens* of the late Whittaker Wright's desirable estate, and he cannot unsay his eulogies of his Larkinesque leader. Mr. Davey is reduced to the pitiable plea that Lord Pirrie, of Witley, has paid for the land which he has enclosed.

Lord Pirrie had paid for the land he had enclosed, but if he and others liked to have the luxury of deer parks that could be used to greater advantage, he (Mr. Davey) hoped some day they would have to pay something to the nation for the luxury (hear, hear). Why should they enclose land, and not put that land to the very best use for the nation? Land was to his way of thinking a trust. Men held it in trust to do the best for the nation with it, and if they liked to use it for purposes of pleasure and sport, and of seeing deer trotting about it, they should pay for it.

Lord Pirrie will not like Mr. Davey's suggestion. He has attained to very nearly all an honest Radical can

desire. He has amassed a fortune out of Government contracts placed with his Belfast firm of Harland and Wolff, he is a peer of the United Kingdom, and he may reasonably look to a higher dignity as having acted as the chaperon of Mr. Winston Churchill, when he made his flying visit to—and from—Belfast.

We are glad to observe that the view which we put forward, on the authority of Dr. Hollander, in our last issue, as to the mentality of undesirable women, was entirely endorsed by Dr. Claye Shaw, appropriately enough sometime medical officer at Banstead Asylum. Dr. Shaw's lecture delivered at the Institute of Hygiene was entitled the "Nervous Factor in Woman's Health." In the opinion of the doctor the type of woman has changed, and not for the better, and new-fangled sport as indulged in by the slatternly, hobbledehoy girl is a "bad marriage market." We entirely agree with the doctor that proper sex development is necessary for full mental development, and that Miss Christabel Pankhurst's recent writings were "unnecessary and mischievous. It was not right to put within the purchase of a penny such ideas as she promulgated." As we have before remarked, women of a certain type appear to clamour for a new heaven and a new earth. There is nothing to show that they are going the right way to create a new paradise for themselves, and there is more than a speculative chance that many of them are sacrificing the old tradition which rested on a chivalry nearly extinct. The new woman—daring all things—would obliterate the last vestiges of their effective charter and trust to luck, mannishness, and in not a few cases truculence to gain their ends.

It is impossible not to feel the greatest sympathy with the objects of the Conference held at Sunderland House under the auspices of the Duchess of Marlborough in connection with the Sweated Workers' Exhibition. It is not, however, desirable to sacrifice practicability to emotional sentiment. It is easy to "damn" everybody and everything, but the wise reformer, whilst not deficient in earnest desire to improve the conditions of workers, does not indulge in pyrotechnic display. Such an one endeavours to take a broad and sane view of useful measures as opposed to nostrums which will only aggravate existing evils. The whole question of sweated trades and the sweating system which had its origin in the last century was exhaustively examined by a Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1888, and it is no secret that the late King was deeply interested in the proceedings. It was made clear that generally speaking the only class of workers who toil for a sweating wage are unskilled or only partially skilled operatives who cannot command adequate wages. Alien immigration has tended to lower wages, with the consequence that the alternative often lies between inadequate wages on the one hand, and no wages at all on the other.

Make-Shift

WHAT though thou hadst not choice of mutual minds,
 And love that blends, as one, the best of two;
 Need'st thou have fallen on vanity which blinds
 Both flesh and spirit to life's better view?
 Just to be wed, drawn back from all thou'lt crave:
 Raiment, and food, and shelter for thy head,
 These be the shroud, the bake-meats, and the grave
 For burial of thy spirit, being dead.
 But some sure day its ghost shall walk and moan,
 And seek repentance, but shall find no place;
 And thou shalt shrink, affrighted, and alone,
 From all for which thy soul forgoes its grace.
 Thinkest that vanities and shams suffice?—
 Thy very flesh shall weary of its price.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

The Inquiring Mind

THE activities of youth are uninspired, as a rule, by thought or logical reasoning, and the child learns by direct experiment, not by the lengthy processes of reflection leading up to an experiment which shall prove a theory already formulated in the mind. It is not until we reach adolescence that we begin to realise the far-reaching effect of that impulse which first shows itself in the outstretched hand of the infant towards some shining object—the divine gift of curiosity; and only in later years can we fully grasp the fact that our lives have been shaped according to the way in which we have exercised this universal quality.

Its edge may be sadly dulled, until a man becomes satisfied by mere daily routine, dreamless and deadening; or it may be so sharpened that the mere thought of being alive is poignant with possibilities of discovery. The recluse, delving in shadowy libraries, existing in a haze of print, verifying, comparing, contrasting, always hoping that by absorption of the work of others his brain will evolve some new phantasm which he may materialise before he slips into the silence, gives life no chances of mastery, but he has his own private thrills as his strictly controlled and concentrated curiosity tugs him along the book-lined road. The ordinary events of the world, the catastrophes, revolutions, political changes, so eagerly scanned, morning, noon, and night, by his fellows, move him not at all; their desire to learn is frittered away on a thousand negligible things. They advance an inch here, an inch there, and their track is a straggling zig-zag which leads nowhere.

From the remotest ages, man must have regarded the heavens with wonder, and desired to learn more of the meaning of the stars. What were these strange, twinkling points of light, varying in brilliance and in position, yet regularly completing their series of changes? Why were they scattered thinly at one part of the skies, clustered thickly at another part? Why, at long intervals, did a few brighter "stars" wander,

apparently erratically, among the shining pattern overhead, to disappear for weeks and months together; and what caused the extraordinary alterations in the moon, the alarming obscurities of the sun, the sudden line of fire as a star seemed to fall flaming from its awful height? Their insatiable desire forced men to construct splendid, delicate instruments, to spend long periods in the rarefied intellectual atmosphere of intricate mathematical calculations, to press into their service the whole range of science.

The wonder of the ancients, their curiosity descending from generation to generation, spreading from East to West in a silent, mysterious, beneficent invasion, thus resulted in the clear crystallisation of certain facts for the students of to-day; facts rather depressing to our sense of self-importance, yet rich with a burden of fresh desire. For new knowledge brings inevitably a broadened basis for inquiry, and it seems that with each acclaimed discovery we become as little children, round-eyed and questioning, facing renewed mysteries. Veil after veil has been torn away, yet we see but a few dim figures slowly moving; we can neither hear their voices nor discern the purport of their play. Our curiosity is roused, not lulled. To know that the whole span of life on this planet, with its peoples whom we call "ancient" and its kingdoms that may rise and fall thousands of years hence when this twentieth century shall be an old, forgotten age, is but one flicker on the screen of its story; to find that the Earth itself is but a queer little appanage of a rather second-rate star; to know by actual vision that we are all plunging through space, perchance, during the period of known history, having accomplished a small arc of some immense orbit whose magnificent centre burns beyond the farthest nebulae; to feel that stars have flamed and died whose light has never reached us—is not all this knowledge a fierce incitement to our desire? Whither are we bound, and why? What fate awaits us at the end of the awful journey? Are we placed among this mighty universe for a purpose, to watch, to wonder, to worship? Is the whole scheme built round us, so that, though we are not its physical centre, we may be its spiritual centre, and for us all its tremendous operations are carried on, for us its profoundest mysteries shall some day be disclosed? Or are we the subject of a trifling experiment by great unknown gods, who, curious in their turn, spy at us for their diversion, and will in a moment destroy it all, as a child wipes out a drawing on his slate?

We say unthinkingly that we wish we knew the answers to these questions. But, if we did, the keen savour of life would vanish; curiosity killed, we should become utter fatalists, and that would be the end of us. For the thought that by increased knowledge comes access of power, and that we can, even to ever so slight an extent, shape the future to our will and thus bear our part in the destiny of humanity, is the inspiration of all thinkers, the burden of all philosophers, and the belief of all the great dreamers who have moved the world.

W. L. R.

The Writer and the Public

LIKE most other people, the literary man is apt to over-rate his own importance. Not necessarily his personal importance; whether he does that or not is a question depending upon his idiosyncrasy. Very often he is too much sophisticated, and has cultivated his sense of humour and of proportion too carefully to fall into such a crude error as this, characteristic of simple minds. What he does over-rate, or at least not justly appreciate, is the comparative importance of the literary mind in the national life.

He is not without excuse. *Amour propre*, and the *esprit de corps* which exists even among such a band of individualists as most writers almost necessarily are, naturally push him in the direction of exalting his own form of intellectual activity above others. In this he is no worse than members of the various professions, doctors, lawyers, and engineers; most of whom, through mere preoccupation with their own work, exhibit a naive incapacity to see it in its true relation to other branches of human activity. One remembers a young engineer, of the rather narrow, materialistic type which is not uncommon, complaining, when his attention was called to a bust of Shakespeare, that many a skilful bridge-builder had to go without sculptural honours. He did not see why there should be so many statues and busts of poets, so many roads and squares named after them, so great a posthumous interest in them, when the leaders of his useful profession only rarely, and with difficulty, kept their names alive a little way down into posterity. He did not suppose, he said a little aggressively, that anyone would pretend that Shakespeare was of greater importance than, say, the man who built the Forth Bridge.

To the literary man this seems absurd, as it is. But it is no more absurd than his over-rating of his own form of intellectual activity, his indignation that the average man does not know a good book from a bad one, hates poetry, and inclines to a tolerant contempt for the poet, the novelist and the critic as elegant and rather useless triflers. Many a writer bestows a contempt upon the ordinary citizen for his want of literary culture, which might conceivably be just in an ideal state in which life should no longer be a battle, but in a work-a-day world is something not much better than childish petulance. It certainly is not to his superior philosophy that the reading and writing man's contempt for the average man's preference for sensation or amusement to thought is due. It springs rather from professional feeling, to some variable extent from personal vanity, and very largely from an instinctive perception, which, however, has never been thought out, of the real importance of literature in the development of the national mind.

However, the literary man has an excuse which followers of the regular professions cannot plead. Setting aside the cultured minority, the vast mass of the people in all ranks under-rate the importance of literature at least as much as the literary man over-rates it.

The writer who moves wholly or chiefly in cultured circles may not realise the vast indifference with which ideas and their expression are regarded in England; if so, a little acquaintance with ordinary middle-class society would quickly enlighten him. The number of good books and reprints of good books issued is no guide whatever to the size of the literary minority. If the ordinary Englishman reads too little, the cultured person commonly reads too much, and it is the avid appetite of the few rather than any widespread demand for books of merit, that keeps the numbers up. Even the number of booksellers' shops, small as it is, exaggerates the size of the literary public, for the same reason. The ordinary man who sits in Parliament, pleads at the Bar, goes to the City, serves behind a counter, or labours in a mine or trench, regards literature, that is to say the whole world of ideas, with an indifference too unconscious, too profound and too devoid of hostility or any active feeling whatever to be called contempt.

On the ground-floor of one of those London houses which are designated by official plaques as having once been the homes of famous writers, a master-plumber now carries on his business. For reasons which will be apparent it is best that the writer should not be named. One had always regarded this house and its latter-day occupant with curiosity. Was he, perhaps, a literary plumber? Was it a rare and rather incongruous love of letters, or perhaps a chance acquaintance with the works of just this one writer, that had led him to set up his business here? Or had he chosen the place in the first instance by chance, and been led later through pride, or under the influence of the curiosity expressed by his customers, into an interest in the dead writer which, but for this chance, he might never have felt? Perhaps the very asking of these questions betrayed something of the literary man's characteristic ignorance of the non-literary world, of his incapacity to realise how small a matter the previous occupancy of his house by some dead writer must seem to the ordinary, unsophisticated citizen.

The need for them arising, the plumber's professional services were engaged, and an opportunity was thus secured for satisfying one's curiosity as to his literature. He was expected to prove either that very rare bird, a literary workman, or that more common species, one with a rough and angry contempt for what was too fine for his appreciation.

He was neither. He was a shrewd man of the world, successful in his trade, with a self-respect which was born of the knowledge of his own capacity, and made respect for the capable in other walks of life easy to him. In reply to a suggestion that his house was famous, he merely said, "Ah!" in a tone and with a look which seemed to be suggestive, though they were not perspicuous. He had never read any of the great writer's books, and knew little of him. "I'm no reader. Plumbing's my line," he said, with a satisfaction too honest to be absurd. He made it clear that

no touch of curiosity about the famous books written in that house had ever troubled his mind.

Yet he admired the dead writer; admired him, and at the same time was a little amused by the thought of him. "I've heard he wrote well," he said appreciatively, and his look and tone were full of the respect that good workmanship excited in him. Then he pondered, smiled a little, and shrugged his shoulders in a good-humoured manner. Afterwards he gave a satisfied look round his shelves filled with gas globes, coils of lead pipe and other plumber's matters. Without saying anything he made it clear that he found it a little odd that anyone should give time and trouble to the making of books, and yet admired him for doing it ably. His sensible toleration for what lay outside the circle of his own interests was summed up in a sentence. "Well; there's all sorts in the world;" saying which he returned to his business with an air which indicated that he could give no more time to gossip.

One could neither despise this man nor be angry with him. One can despise the man who hates what is too fine for him because of its fineness; one may be angry with the man whose want of self-respect makes him delight in belittling, by coarse and brutal sneers, the art and poetry whose beauty affronts his baseness. But this man, who enforced respect without ever dreaming of demanding it, excited neither hostility nor contempt. The literary person who merely heard of his indifference to the intellectual activity for which his house had been famous might call it gross and barbarous; but after seeing and speaking to him one felt that terms of censure would be misapplied. One could do no more than note, without any trace of hostility, that he was not of the few to whom the poet's or the critic's thought can with advantage be addressed.

Knowledge of such decent, average men develops one's sense of proportion, and acts as a corrective to that peevish tendency which preoccupation with his own concerns breeds in the literary man, to insist that the mass of people are blameworthy and contemptible in so far as they neglect literature. For after all, though this man did not read, his thought was the product of English literature. If one could have unpacked his mind and set his leading thoughts aside in bundles, one would have found little there that had not been developed and promulgated by English authors. They were the source of it all, though he had taken nothing from them directly. If the ordinary citizen prefers to give his whole attention to his daily concerns, and to take his ideas at second hand, after they have passed into the common stock, without knowledge of their sources, perhaps it is as well he should do so. Not many of the greatest works are suited to his immediate consumption. What is vital in them filters down to him through lesser writers, and in many subtler ways; it becomes a pervading influence from which he cannot escape.

HENRY STACE.

REVIEWS

The Poet's Reward

The Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson. (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net, boards; 42s. net, vellum; £5 5s. net, leather.)

THE man who passes over without reading the "review" page of his daily paper will have wondered, before now, at the amount of space devoted to the work of Francis Thompson, and it may be that he has been driven by curiosity to make a few inquiries, to read a review or two, or even, in the last resort, to read some of the poetry for himself. Then, of course, comes the crucial time: he will either become eager to pursue the quest, or will dismiss the whole matter of poetry in general with a shrug and a murmur that it is "not in his line."

In these columns, as was meet for an old contributor to THE ACADEMY, the work of Francis Thompson has already been discussed at some length; we shall not therefore retread familiar ground on this occasion by an exhaustive review. The point, however, may here be made that too much blame should not be the portion of those who speak indifferently of his poetry. It is not for everybody's taste. The man whose standards of poetry are firmly set upon "Casablanca" will find its cadences and rhythms as embarrassing as the buffets of a gale, and will be glad to get back to calm, safe waters; the conservative student, even, well founded upon Rossetti and Tennyson, may find in these crowded, restless lines something antithetic to his ideas of what good poetry should be. But the world changes, and its prophets and seers take new voices; it is no depreciation of the older poets to say that in Thompson's poetry is a wild spirit that races ahead of them as the wind flies beyond the ship it urges onward. It may at times whirl and seem to rebuff itself in flamboyant, meaningless words, as when we read such lines as these:—

Through the conscious and palpitant grasses of
intertangled relucant dyes

Swift Tellus' purpled tunic, girt upon
With the blown chlamys of her fluttering seas

and a hundred others which could be quoted. Yet to select lines for piecemeal criticism is no test at all. Once begin a poem, and it has to be read; the authentic fire is there, whether it be the rushing "Hound of Heaven," the tremendous "Judgment in Heaven," with its "angels a-play on its fields of Summer" that "pelted each other with handfuls of stars," or a simple lyric like "Threatened Fears," so reminiscent of Crashaw or Herrick:—

Do not loose those rains thy wet
Eyes, my Fair, unsurely threat;
Do not, Sweet, do not so;

Thou canst not have a single woe,
But this sad and doubtful weather
Overcasts us both together.
In the aspect of those known eyes
My soul's a captain weatherwise.
Ah me! What presages it sees
In those watery Hyades.

It may as truly be said of Thompson as he himself said of Shelley: "His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures, and shows the naked poetry."

We note one or two variations and alterations in the fine edition before us. The poem "Assumpta Maria" has four stanzas which did not appear in the "Collected Works" dated the present year; four lines in the "Epilogue: to the Poet's Sitter" were omitted in the "Works"; a fresh stanza is in the "Epilogue" to "A Narrow Vessel"; four new lines appear in the "Ultimum," page 289; and a few unimportant verbal corrections are made. The present reviewer, who, eleven years ago, happened to cut from the *Daily Chronicle* Thompson's poem "Peace," written at the close of the South African War, is particularly interested to note that three considerable omissions occur. In this volume the lines in brackets, which occurred in the original form of the poem, are omitted. Section three:—

If England, it be but to lay
The heavy head down, the old heavy way;
[Again to fill
The money-bag's lank cheek and wizened till;
To cast the load, and stretch the eased thews,
In lethargied inuse;
To let the effort-glowing spirit crust
Once more with dull and comfortable rust;
Put off the warrior, and the shopman on
And count all wars concluded in this one;]
Having a space awakened and been bold

Section four:—

But wilt thou, England, stand
With vigilant heart, and prescient brain?
Knowing there is no peace
Such as fools deem, of equal-balanced ease,
[But such the wise alone can gain,
Who sometimes slacking, never loose the rein;]
That they who build the State

Section five:—

Peace most to them who lie
Beneath unnative sky;
[Over whose slumber beat
The hartebeests' unreverencing feet;]
In whose still hearts is dipt
Our reconciling script

These omissions may be due to the poet himself—probably they are; but it is interesting to compare the two versions.

The general form of this book is beyond praise, and it will be a treasure for lovers of this unhappy poet, who was yet so happy in his devoted friends.

W. L. R.

The Empress Frederick

The Empress Frederick: A Memoir. Illustrated.
(James Nisbet and Co. 15s. net.)

THE anonymous author of the memoir before us observes that "memoirs of Royal personages form not the least interesting part of the whole vast field of biography." As a particular negative proposition the remark is just enough, though such propositions are apt to suggest their converse. The lives of the sleeping partners in the great business of royalty or those of its Iphigenias are as often as not rather dreary reading. The Empress Frederick was neither "sleeping partner"—though there were those who would have had her so—nor Iphigenia—though from a certain point of view her life suggests a sacrifice. Hers was an intensely fruitful and inspiring career, and one that may reasonably be judged happy, in spite of its many trials and misfortunes. The appearance of this, the first complete and connected biography of the late Empress, is therefore not merely an important event; it is a welcome event. The method, too, is admirable. The story is told in a straightforward, impartial way that is strong evidence to its essential truth, and the words of the actors in and the spectators of the events recorded are continually made to reinforce the mature judgments of the author.

Many great personages live again in these pages, but, apart from the Empress herself, there are two that must particularly arrest the attention—the Prince Consort and Bismarck. It is tempting to call them respectively the good and the evil genius of the Empress Frederick, but the comparison would be superficial and misleading. It would represent but a single point of view out of many that appeal for adoption. The Prince Consort was a man of great intellectual attainments and of high moral purpose, and he placed these qualities unreservedly at the service of his daughter. Unfortunately, he suffered from the same disqualification as his pupil—that of a double nationality—and the treasures of his kindly admonition were as gifts of the Danaï to each of the peoples whom he wished to love one another. Moreover, the times were bad for mediators; England and Prussia were at the beginning of their long misunderstanding, and good intentions only served to fan the flames.

Nationality is the solidest fact of our modern political science. It is the tragedy of princes that they may be called on to exchange one patriotism for another. In the case of the Empress Frederick there were alleviations—her marriage was a love-match, and Germany was for her no unknown or foreign country—but it was a tragedy all the same. Professor Nippold is quoted as expressing the well-founded opinion that "no Englishman or Englishwoman, of whatever age, ever gives up his or her nationality and love of country, in whatever circumstances they may find themselves . . . the Empress Frederick, as eldest child of Queen Victoria of England, had the title of Princess Royal, and she could not help feeling herself the first princess

of a wonderful Empire of very old culture, and this proud feeling never left her." She spoke of England as "home," she went there too often, and she had an "unfortunate habit of praising England to the disadvantage of Prussia"—before Bismarck and Bernhardt, for instance. We are rather sorry to find in the present volume the famous Bismarckian retort to an alleged boast of the then Crown Princess: "We value ourselves for other things beside silver." We feel that this copy-book rebuke must have been undeserved; it was part of the general misunderstanding.

The misunderstanding between the Crown Princess and Bismarck was complete enough, and it is to the credit of the biographer that he has tried to keep the balance between the two. In fact, eliminating the "Reptile Press" and the ineffable Busch, and they, after all, never made "die Engländerin" into such a talisman of reproach as "l'Autrichienne" was for Marie Antionette, we cannot help feeling that the sympathies of an impartial observer would belong to Bismarck, who incorporated the true Prussian tradition and the national ideals. "British petticoats" was the Bismarckian formula, crudely lumping together a national and a sexual antagonism. What we cannot forgive Bismarck is his refusal to believe in the German patriotism of the Crown Princess and the countenance he gave to odious stories of her betrayal of military secrets to the enemies of Germany. This patriotism is now happily beyond question; besides the strong testimony of her husband, there is her recorded regret at "not being a young man" (in 1864) "and not to be able to take the field against the Danes."

Her most glaring offences against tact wounded not Prussians but Frenchmen, when she visited Saint-Cloud and the battlefields round Paris. Tact the Empress certainly lacked. It was her greatest, almost her only, failing. Tact is perhaps not one of the greater virtues, but it is indispensable to a prince, and there is a tact that consists not in suppressing a true word or a good action, but in waiting for a truer or a better. We must add that, if stories we have heard in Germany are to be credited, Bismarck allowed himself some personal observations, afterwards reported to their subject, the Crown Princess, that were less tactless than unpardonable.

"The Empress was a woman of remarkable moral and intellectual qualities; . . . had she been born in a private station, she would have attained certainly distinction, and very possibly eminence, in some branch of art, letters, or science." For that science which seemed to her part of the natural business of her life, the science of politics, she showed an even precocious aptitude. At the age of twenty she sent the Prince Consort "a memorandum upon the advantages of a law of Ministerial responsibility. . . . Sir Theodore Martin says that it would have been remarkable as the work of an experienced statesman." But, "unfortunately, Prussia was far from desiring the wife of the Heir Apparent to entertain any views, statesmanlike or other, on either domestic or foreign policy." In the following

judgment we suspect irony: "No one can now help seeing that it would have been the truest wisdom for the young Princess to have rigidly suppressed her natural tastes and intellectual interests."

"Surtout pas de zèle" is, at almost any period, a safe motto for princes. Men will bear more readily with three *rois fainéants* than with one Joseph II. The late Empress received an education that aimed at drawing out her activities, and all that was asked of her was her passivity. The careful pedagogy of the Prince Consort was a positive encumbrance. It may be doubted whether a "sound technical education" ever greatly helped a prince. Fénelon's Duke of Burgundy might well have proved a worse king than Louis XV; the poor little Zara of "Les Rois en Exil" was probably safer with the *contes bleus* of his governess than with the high doctrine of Elysée Mèrault. Royalty demands a good deal of opportunism. The Prince Consort was too much of a schoolmaster. "Even when addressing one who was far older than himself, and already in the position of a ruler" (the Prince of Prussia, afterwards William I), "he always assumed the attitude of mentor rather than of adviser." To his daughter his counsels were inexhaustible, and unfortunately her Germany was not the Germany he remembered. He looked forward ardently to the new German Empire, but he had no understanding of the Bismarckian Prussia out of which it was to emerge. To Bismarck he was merely a "Coburger," in unholy alliance with the "British Petticoats"; to the *Times* he was suspect, as a Prussophile. He had a "pathetic faith in the potency of logic in human affairs," and he made little allowance for the prejudices and jealousies which are the hard facts of politics. Taught by his precepts, the Princess identified herself with a party; "the very approach of a Tory or a reactionary seemed to freeze her up." Constitutionalism was a shibboleth with father and daughter; they were incapable of understanding the point of view, say, of a certain Austrian Emperor who, we have read, could not endure the word "constitution" even in its medical sense.

The real tragedy of the Empress Frederick's life was the tragedy of wasted beneficent energies. Possibly they would never have had full scope—the Emperor Frederick was an unknown quantity, with an unsuspected tendency towards high Hohenzollern theories, and neither he nor his wife would have dispensed with Bismarck—but the salient fact is that they never did have scope. A life-time of preparation, patience and hope culminated in a "Hundred days' reign," directed from a sick-room. Not that the Empress's energies were wholly wasted—in her probationary years or in her retirement; she organised the Army medical service, endowed Prussia with good schools and hospitals, and gave a great impulse to Art. Some of these gifts were marred at the time by errors of judgment, but they constitute an enduring monument.

What the late Empress has done for the Prussian Royal family may be judged from a comparison of the present Emperor with his predecessors. Since Frederick

the Great he is the first Hohenzollern to have a spirit "finely touched." For his great and various qualities, and for the faults of a noble nature, it is his mother that claims the primary responsibility. The "remarkable similarity between mother and son assuredly furnishes the key to the somewhat complex question of their relationships at different periods. They were, in fact, too much alike for their relations to be always harmonious."

The life of the Empress Frederick was neither wasted nor unhappy, and we may conclude with our author that, in spite of the lack of certain secondary qualities, her great gifts and energies "make her one of the most remarkable women who have ever held her exalted rank."

R. F. S.

The Truth About Japan

Japan's Inheritance: The Country, Its People, and Their Destiny. By E. BRUCE MITFORD. With Maps and Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

JAPAN is almost as much written about as Shakespeare or Napoleon. The country is overrun with globe-trotters afflicted with an itch for writing. After a few weeks' tour they rush home, *via* Siberia, set down their trivial experiences, their superficial opinions, and publish their observations in book-form. These are the people who enter the treadmill of things that have already been expressed. They have nothing new to say, for they simply repeat what others have said before them, and in the process their pens exude very rosy colours. We are all familiar with these ephemeral outpourings, and although Japan has been written about so much, many of the books devoted to the subject lack authority, and tend to blurr rather than elucidate the significance of Japan and her people. Fuji and geisha have been eulogised *ad nauseam*, and nearly all our adjectives and adverbs have been utilised for that purpose. We are getting a little weary of Japan as a fairyland. Even the fairies of the Flowery Kingdom evolve and talk of higher education for women and armaments. "Wanted—the truth about Japan." So writes Mr. Bruce Mitford in his preface, and in the pages that follow he attempts to answer that demand.

His style is not always attractive. We could well have dispensed with such words as "understanded" and one or two ugly Americanisms; but he has sedulously avoided the sentimental gush of the globe-trotter, and for that we must be thankful. The major portion of this volume is geographical. Mr. Mitford has an intimate knowledge of the country, and if we get no prose poems on the cherry-blossom, we get a very thorough, and always interesting, study of the various geographical features of that far-away land. He is a Nature lover, but the hills and valleys, the lakes and rivers, suggest more than beauty to him. He

knows that "everywhere in its earth-forms the Japanese landscape bears 'the marks of that which once hath been: but the scars are bravely worn.'" He is able to analyse and to tell the story of Japanese scenery, for he understands the moving finger of seismic disturbance, the mystery of craters, alive and dead, and he does so in a way that grips the imagination.

Earthquakes in the East were at one time "attributed to the tantrums of a subterranean dragon, whose tail, in moments of excitement, comes into more or less violent contact with the superincumbent land." In Eastern Japan a deity is supposed to have driven into the earth an enormous pillar of stone with the idea of keeping the monster quiet. Needless to say, the dragon theory has for long been abandoned; a chair of seismology has been established in the Tokyo University, to say nothing of an "Earthquake Damage Prevention Committee." Seismic disturbances in Japan are frequent and severe, but such dreadful events do not seem to upset the cool and matter-of-fact mind of the average native. His calm is born of fatalism, and this point is well illustrated in the following story: "A European lady, at dead of night, and clad in gossamer attire, ran at incredible speed along the main road of one of Japan's foreign settlements. Like Abraham, she went not knowing whither, and might have thus continued to this day had not a friendly Japanese policeman firmly but kindly arrested her headlong flight with the query: 'You run why? *It is finished!*'" Our English policeman might have tapped the shaking earth with his foot, or raised his hand with the idea of stopping the traffic, but he would never have said anything so utterly crushing or so pleasantly hopeful, as the case may be.

It might be imagined that one who has specialised in geographical matters and applied his knowledge to some purpose in regard to the physical features of Japan would not have very much to say of vital importance concerning the future of that country and her present position as a world-Power. As a matter of fact, it is on these subjects that Mr. Mitford comes most near to answering the question propounded at the commencement of his book. It is not always pleasant to be told the truth, but it is invariably salutary, and Mr. Mitford has not flinched in stating his case for Japan, even if in so doing he has touched none too lightly or politely upon the foreign policies of England and America as they affect that country. He knows very well that Japan has little or nothing to expect from us as her Ally. "The open door," he writes, "is for the West, in the East. The 'bang'd, barred, and bolted' door is for the East, when it goes West. There it knocks in vain." Japan has had a rude awakening in regard to England and America, and must look to her own strength and to the strength of China in the future, for she cannot depend on timid allies that are tied by political apron-strings to other countries. As Mr. Mitford observes, "the Chinese recognise that, in resisting the advance of Russia, Japan was fighting

their battle as well as her own." Racial distinction, the difference between the white and yellow races, in spite of much moonshine on the subject, is an important and formidable factor in the situation. Mr. Mitford writes:

If the "Yellow Peril" ever materialises in the shape, or anything like the shape, its exponents assign to it, the responsibility for the ensuing cataclysm must be laid at the door of the West, and of the representatives of its civilisation in the East. Aggressiveness—the chief attribute of the West in its dealings with the East—is utterly foreign to the Chinese character; prudence is the keynote of the Japanese. The union—one might almost say the fusion—of the two races is inevitable; but only a keen and unquenchable sense of resentment—the memory of either material wrongs inflicted or of accumulated insults endured—can ever arm the East against the West, or precipitate a war of hemispheres.

We wonder if the volcanic fires that burn beneath the Land of the Rising Sun are symbolic of the fires of some distant war that may break out and destroy foreign aggressiveness in the future; if so, then this is the most fundamental truth about Japan for to-day and to-morrow, the truth that is best worth knowing.

A National Service

The History of the Royal Society of Arts. By Sir H. T. WOOD. Illustrated. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

THIS book is a record of solid work done by a voluntary and independent Society for the good of the nation from 1754 to 1880, work which it still continues to perform with unabated zeal, though the methods have varied from time to time. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce sprang from proposals made in 1753, by William Shipley, a drawing-master, "for raising by subscription a fund to be distributed in premiums for the promoting of improvements in the liberal arts, sciences, manufactures, etc." He was probably more an originator than an administrator. The tradition is that he was "so absent-minded that on his way to church to be married he was led away by the sight of a rare butterfly to start on its pursuit, and consequently arrived late for the ceremony." However this may be, he, with influential help, founded the Society of Arts—to use its shorter name. The one idea of the founders was to encourage arts and industries by the offer of prizes. It aimed at selecting the inventions which could most usefully be encouraged, and at directing by the judicious apportionment of medals and money prizes the development of industry and the progress of art. It has never received any official aid; the whole object of the Society has been the promotion of the public welfare; not the slightest advantage or benefit has been offered to individual members. Dr. Johnson took a lively interest in its success. Dis-

tinguished names of Peers and Commoners appear in its lists of members and officers. "The sole original object of the Society was to promote art, industry, commerce, and invention, by granting rewards and premiums for meritorious discoveries and inventions, for success in the various branches of the fine arts, for increasing the economic resources of the kingdom by the import of new or little known materials of industry, or for developing those resources by novel or improved methods."

Some of its early efforts were directed to encouraging and developing the resources of the British Colonies: for fifty years they were well applied and had very considerable practical results. In the West Indies the planters disliked new economic plants, or anything which interfered with the cultivation of the sugar-cane. India, Ceylon, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, the Cape—all received attention as opportunity offered. Agriculture occupied an important—indeed, the most important—part in the lists of premiums. The scope of the prizes offered under the direction of the Committee on Agriculture was very wide. It included "the successful rearing of all sorts of crops, even of such well-known crops as wheat, barley, oats, and rye; the introduction of new forage plants and of roots for cattle-feeding; the suggestion of new methods of husbandry, their discussion, and the supply of information about them; the invention of new implements or appliances and the improvement of old ones; information on the use and value of manures; suggestions on soil analysis; the treatment of cattle and sheep; and, in fact, any advance or improvement calculated to aid the progress of agricultural knowledge and practice. An annual list of suggested subjects was published, but the rewards were by no means confined to these lists." The Society was ever ready to consider any suitable application. The awards were distributed among Committees for Polite Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures, Mechanics, Chemistry, Colonies, and Trade. Much trouble was taken to ensure a fair adjudication of the premiums. The promotion of inventions, the production of new methods, technical and industrial education, industrial hygiene, were all fostered; mechanical appliances and devices, now well known and familiar, were brought out by the Society's awards. Even the child's transparent slate and the shilling box of colours were, among larger matters, results of the Society's system.

In the early half of the nineteenth century some changes were introduced into the Society's methods, which turned it from a purely premium-giving body into one whose main object became the dissemination of information about the industrial arts and sciences and the publication of new discoveries and inventions of an industrial character. There was, about that time, a decline in the Society's affairs. But a revival ensued when Prince Albert became President from 1843 to 1861. In his position, with his personal proclivities, he could do much for the Society. Weekly

papers were read, followed by a discussion; lectures were instituted on some branch of industry, science, or artistic principles or methods. In 1847 the Society was incorporated by charter, and in 1908 King Edward VII granted permission to prefix the term Royal to its title. In 1854 a scheme of examinations was originated for the members of mechanics' institutions. The system thus started has developed, and their commercial character has been maintained. The numbers examined are now nearly 30,000 yearly. The Society was also closely connected with the great Exhibitions held in London in 1851 and 1862, especially with the foundation of the former, which alone was a financial success. The annual Exhibitions held from 1871 to 1874 for the display each year of certain specified industries were not of a sufficiently popular character to be successful financially, and were discontinued. In the course of its existence the Society's interest has been lessened in such subjects as agriculture on the foundation of the Board of Agriculture, and higher art, taken over by the Royal Academy. In these respects, as in others, it acted as a pioneer and then retired. It has found still ample scope for its energies in the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce by the meetings, papers, medals, and journal through which it now operates. A list of the subjects with which it has dealt would fill a considerable space.

The author, who has been Secretary to the Society since 1879, has thought proper to conclude his historical record at 1880, and his reasons can be appreciated, though the record is thereby left incomplete. It is a valuable account of voluntary and unremunerated service rendered for the general increase of knowledge, refined taste, and useful industry of which the Society of Arts may well be proud. Just one or two little points appear to have escaped notice. The Battle of Plassy was fought in 1757, not 1759 as stated; and opium is not grown. Opium is the drug manufactured from the juice of the capsules of a particular poppy, which is grown.

The Bayard of the XIXth Century

Eugène de Beauharnais, the Adopted Son of Napoleon.

By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU. With Photogravure and 16 other Illustrations. (John Long. 15s. net.)

"EUGENE was the only person who made life worth living," was the phrase of his sister, Queen Hortense. "Eugène has never caused me a moment's sorrow," was the equally egotistic praise of de Beauharnais' adoptive father, the Emperor Napoleon. Neither Hortense nor Bonaparte, except in extreme youth, was very careful to please him, but they both loved him deeply and admired his noble, simple nature. In the vast theatre which Napoleon conducted, and amid the thousands of actors there with whom M. Masson's works have long made us familiar, Eugène de Beauharnais, so long Viceroy of Italy, is the most sympathetic and human figure. Across a century of time we can feel his ardour,

understand his mistakes—heavily punished by Napoleon—experience his devotion to his master and know his fine character, his rewards, and bitter trials.

Hitherto there has been no complete English biography of this prince of France, but, of course, his history is told and told again in the enormous library that has grown about the life and labours of his stepfather. Born in 1781, he was the child of the old world so soon to pass away, and his history takes us through that epoch-making period in Europe which is covered by the enormous shadow of Napoleon, during which time all life springs from the movements of his Grand Army. Thus, as well as for more personal reasons, the son of Josephine and the young captain of the regiment of La Ferre, Vicomte de Beauharnais, is a highly engaging subject of which Miss Violette M. Montagu takes the fullest advantage. Her volume is balanced, careful, historically correct, and, at the same time, lively and sympathetic. Many people sneer at those who *make* books, as they say. If that work can be done so freshly and with so much human interest as is the present volume, we think such authors are of infinite benefit to the world of readers. Here we have a wide field of interest spread before us; possibly we may have covered some of the ground a time or two before, but Miss Montagu provides us with new pleasures and points of view.

Eugène was by no means in a garret, nor had he quite reached the brave days when he was twenty-one, when Napoleon's great victories in Italy took place. But he was nineteen and very slightly provided for, and the picture of him and his surroundings given by the present author recalls Béranger's painting of ebullient youth and hope about the beginning of 1800. We see again the boys of France, who were later to be broken on the wheel of misfortune at Moscow, listening to and cheering the great victories of their greatest man—

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse:
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur.
Le canon gronde; un autre chant commence;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.
Les roi jamais n'envahiront la France.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

The warlike spirit of the period flourished greatly in the heart of the young Eugène; his baptism of fire was in the French Embassy at Rome, where Joseph Bonaparte was getting into complications. But this was a trifle; many years of his life were devoted to the horrors of war under disadvantageous circumstances, for he fought on long after most of the once-trusted generals of Napoleon had fled, and was ever the devoted, admiring slave and pupil of his often unjust and severe stepfather.

Very different days fell to his share than those when he could join

..... in the triumphant strain
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again . .

Those were the dreams of youth; in reality there was for Eugène a very strong tyranny on the part of the great Conqueror, and many years in which he strove with all his strength to delight his hero—and failed. But the history of de Beauharnais is not bitter. As those who have read "Le Roman du Prince Eugène," by Mr. Albert Pulitzer, will have fully realised. His great happiness in his marriage to the Princess Augusta-Amelia of Bavaria, and the letters which they exchanged during the wars, form one of the most delightful sides of this admirable biography. Eugène was indeed a hero to those who knew him best, and if to love and be loved is the greatest good in life, no man had a fuller share of such favour. Naturally, he had foes, in plenty, too, and many have written harshly of his character and actions. Miss Montagu's work goes far to prove how wrongly Napoleon and others judged many of his intentions and undertakings. But, apart from the just portraiture of the hero of the book, the writer gives us a skilful and engaging picture of Napoleonic times from the Blütezeit of the palmy days of the Consulate to the last bitterness of Saint Helena.

The "Eugène de Beauharnais" of Miss Montagu is a book to read and enjoy; we know of none relating the inner history of this period with more knowledge and sympathy and skill.

E. M.

A Future Rallying-ground

South America. By W. H. KOEBEL. With Maps and Illustrations. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE publishers are to be congratulated on having secured a volume from Mr. Koebel in their excellent "The Making of the Nations" series. Within 300 pages this author has succeeded in giving us the most salient features of South American history. He has accomplished a difficult task in a way likely to appeal to the general reader. We could have wished, perhaps, that he had allowed us to investigate his literary workshop by supplying us with a bibliography for the benefit of those who would like to go a little more deeply into the subject, but possibly a feature of this kind is not within the scope of the series. Suffice it to say that Mr. Koebel has written, as we should have expected, a lucid and interesting book on the subject, and the reproductions from old engravings considerably add to the value of the volume.

Mr. Koebel writes: "Considering the great extent of the ruins bequeathed by the Incas to the later ages, it might be thought curious that so few precise data are available." The Spaniards were largely responsible for this dearth of information. They scorned all pertaining to sun-worship, and when they entered as conquerors into the chief cities of the Incas, "any object suggestive of sun-worship, or anything of the kind, was smashed into fragments, and every trace of its significance so far as possible obliterated." The Inca Kingdom was divided into three classes of territory. One

portion went to the maintenance of the native religion, another to the Royal Family, and the remainder to the people. Every man was thus a landowner, and the advantage or otherwise derived from this loaned property from the State entirely depended upon the work of the agriculturist to whom it belonged during his lifetime. The land problem was thus ingeniously and satisfactorily solved by the Incas without lengthy speeches, and without a single farcical reference to pheasants and mangel-wurzels or their South American equivalents.

Adventure was never so full-blooded and hearty as in the days of Columbus and Drake and Raleigh, never so much in keeping with the ideals of a healthy school-boy. We read of El Dorado and of the exploits of jolly buccaneers who were out on the high seas, especially on the Spanish Main, for the purpose of seizing rich cargoes. South America, after the coming of the Spaniards, seems to have been the centre of all that was most virile and stirring in the way of adventure. Drake was an adventurer as well as an admiral; Columbus may have been a dreamer, but he certainly dreamt adventurous dreams; and as for Raleigh, one of the most versatile of men, he was steeped in the love of adventure, possessed with a craving to discover hidden treasure.

Bartolomé Mitre observes: "The system of commercial monopoly which Spain adopted with respect to America immediately on the discovery of the Continent was as disastrous to the motherland as to the colonies." A rupture was inevitable between the conquerors and the conquered, and that rupture, as Mr. Koebel explains, was precipitated by the disturbed state of Spain owing to the Napoleonic power that was crushing her down. The South Americans realised that the none too pleasant yoke of Spain had been removed; they also realised that now was the time to strike a blow for independence. Two chapters are devoted to the War of Independence, and such names as Bolivar and San Martin stand out as great heroes, as memorable liberators of their native land. Mr. Koebel deals ably with the South American Republics, and in conclusion ventures upon the following prophecy: "The vitality and power of the Continent in general is now, at all events, beginning to assert itself to the full, and in the minds of a certain number of its educated and intelligent inhabitants South America is destined in the future, however distant this may be, to become the rallying-ground of the Latin races."

Mr. Edward Arnold has nearly ready for publication a new and revised edition of Mr. Laurence Binyon's valuable work, "Painting in the Far East." Since the first edition was published in 1907 much has happened, and a quantity of new material has been brought to light. In preparing the new edition, therefore, Mr. Binyon has been able to utilise a variety of new sources of information, and it has been possible to make a fuller and more representative selection of illustrations.

A Distinguished Welshman

How I Became a Governor. By Sir RALPH WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

IN all the 448 pages of this fascinating book there is not a single dull one; and, what is more unusual, amongst all the numerous stories and anecdotes contained in it, the reader will find no "chestnuts." It is written in a pleasant, breezy style. It contains much trenchant and justified criticism of the methods and policy of Government departments, especially of the Colonial Office; but all that is said, is said in a kindly and benignant spirit, without a word which would inflict a wound or hurt the susceptibilities of any individual. The author, a man endowed by Nature with great stature, a fine physique, and a more than ordinary share of determination and courage, has given us an account of a truly romantic and eventful career, achieved by his own efforts, and unaided by the assistance of influential friends.

Ralph Williams was the youngest son of the Rector of Aber, near Bangor, and was educated at Rossall. His prospects in the old country being small, he determined to emigrate to Australia. He landed at Melbourne, after a three-months' voyage in a sailing ship, with £20 in his pocket, and shortly after obtained a job on a large sheep-station up country, where he remained for three years. A windfall in the shape of a legacy took him back to England, where he joined a friend on a trip to Patagonia in search of buried treasure!

Needless to say, this effort was a failure; and two years later, on returning to England, he married the lady who, as he says in his dedication, "shared his wanderings for thirty-eight years, and gave her all that he might prosper."

His next adventure was a hazardous journey which he took to the Victoria Falls, at that time only known as a legend, accompanied by his wife and six-year-old boy. The knowledge and experience he acquired on this expedition of the interior of South Africa was the turning-point in his career. It opened to him the door which enabled him to join the Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884 as Intelligence Officer to Sir Charles Warren, and subsequently, in 1886, to undertake the office of British Agent to the South African Republic.

The chapters describing the eventful four years of his employment at Pretoria are particularly interesting, and give a painful picture of the fatuous policy of the British Government in their conduct of South African affairs during the period when the trouble was brewing which led up to the Transvaal War, prior to the arrival of Lord Milner on the scene.

In 1890 Mr. Williams was appointed Treasurer of Gibraltar and Captain of the Port. From there he was promoted to be Colonial Secretary of Barbados, and in 1901 his knowledge of South Africa again stood him in good stead, and he was given the post of Resident Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

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He left South Africa for the last time in 1906 to take up the Governorship of the Windward Islands, and retired in this present year of grace, after four years' service as Governor of Newfoundland.

This is a short epitome of Sir Ralph Williams' biography, but the charm of the book consists in the detailed episodes which are skilfully strung upon this framework. Some of the thrilling incidents will be round by the reader where he narrowly escaped by his own coolness from assassination in Uruguay, and again where, sent to Vryburg to take over the Government papers from the so-called Republic of Stellaland, by his tact and presence of mind he "peacefully persuaded" the Dutchman, De la Rey, who had taken an oath that he would shoot him.

His great trek across the wilderness to the Zambesi, when he received "the freedom of the road" from Lobengula, is of absorbing interest; while the story of the wreck of the *Utopia* at Gibraltar and the account of the impressive funeral of Cecil Rhodes in the Matopos are equally vivid impressions. One of the most risky duties he undertook was when, as Commissioner of Bechuanaland, he was sent by Lord Selborne to the Batawana reserve to determine the right of succession to the Chieftainship of that tribe, and native feeling was roused to a dangerous pitch. He went with only a small escort of some thirty Basuto police, but he accomplished his mission successfully, and on his return was received by the High Commissioner with the words, "Welcome back, Williams, from a most difficult task, splendidly accomplished."

His last and most strenuous experience was when the blacks rose in St. Lucia, and when, with his private secretary alone, he plunged into the seething mass of black coalheavers on strike, and by the sheer strength of his personality saved the town of Castries from sack and fire, and the white inhabitants from massacre; and then, after overawing the rioters, who were on the point of burning down the factory at Roseau, rode across the hills to Denery and dispersed the mob, which had already begun to loot the town.

The book contains many sound criticisms on our Colonial methods, which we should like to quote; but as our space does not permit, we will make but this one reference: "Of all our national errors, there has been to my mind none greater than the slipshod way in which we have allowed our own language to be superseded in our Colonies . . . the language is a matter which should admit of no compromise in any British possession. English should be the only language used to, and received from, British subjects."

The British Phrenological Society (Incorporated), 63, Chancery Lane, is desirous of perpetuating Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's name as a supporter of its teachings by establishing a special lectureship for expounding the principles of phrenology on an anatomical and scientific basis before learned societies, the universities, and educational centres.

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Is the age of the essay—the grave, delicate studies whose charm was as difficult to analyse as the fragrance of a flower—is that age once more to find an expression in this hurrying, headlong twentieth century? Probably not; we are, as a rule, too much occupied to read with the necessary leisure and appreciation what our fellows may have to say on abstract themes—we prefer to glance at their ideas on the latest accident, the situation in the Near East, the weather, the theatre, the newest novel, served hot every morning with flavourings of various journalistic sauces. There are some left, however, who spare an hour now and then for the reading of a book that may excite thought instead of deadening it, and though we do not pretend to say that these neat little "Fellowship Books" rival the work of any of the famous essayists, yet they have their place for the hour of firelight or twilight, and the time spent on them will be well repaid.

What Mrs. Meynell has to say on "Childhood," for example, is bound to be worth reading; in fact, her book in some respects makes the widest appeal of any of the new set of six in this series. It is inevitable that some of these should overlap; there are sentences in "Solitude" and "Fairies," especially, which might occur appropriately in Mrs. Meynell's essay. "Fairies" is a fine little collection of rather obvious remarks on a theme that by now needs a master-hand to rescue it from the gentle, blue-eyed, "pretty" school of writers; it disappoints us. Mr. Lehmann's "Book for Animal-Lovers," on the contrary, is simply charming; he is good when writing of dogs, but his defence of the maligned cat is superb, and he concludes with a really beautiful legend. The volume on "Freedom" is thoughtful, and holds the attention, notably when the author touches upon the subject of constitutional liberty. From a scholarly point of view, the essay on "Romance" is the finest of the set. Mr. Rhys considers that modern times "have widened the avenues of the imagination, instead of closing them, as many people suppose," and we are disposed to agree with him. His book is a little storehouse of gems—not always diamonds and rubies, shining with assertive fire; but precious, nevertheless. The series keeps up its value, and should not be neglected by critical readers.

The two special matinées of Mr. Napier Miles' opera, "Westward Ho!" advertised to be given at the Globe Theatre on the afternoons of December 4 and 5, will be given instead at the Lyceum Theatre on the same dates, at 2.30 p.m.

Shorter Reviews

Thomas Hardy's Wessex. By HERMANN LEA. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS addition to the "Wessex Edition" of Mr. Hardy's works will be especially interesting to those who contemplate making a prolonged visit to the country described in the various novels. Most readers of these books have thought longingly of the joys of a walking tour through portions of the immense district, feeling that they would be "at home" in it in a curiously intimate way; some of these readers will peruse Mr. Lea's laborious and informative pages with pleasure. His style is of necessity rather fettered:

Mellstock Lane is the road leading northwards from *Mellstock Cross*—the right-angled roads which intersect about two miles from Dorchester on the Tincleton road (95). Here we are introduced to the members of the choir, who are supposed to be on their way to Dick Dewy's house at *Upper Mellstock*—a place which seems to us to be typical of Upper Beckhampton (96). As they journey thither they soon see "glimmering indications of the few cottages forming the small hamlet." If we are correct in our surmise, we shall easily find the small hamlet; the tranter's house, however, has disappeared.

This sort of thing, even with copious quotations, and suggestions of each story, can but be tiring to read for long together; it has no doubt its much enhanced value if we are able to follow the journeys so faithfully taken by the author. Mr. Lea has been uncommonly careful; he has had the assistance of Mr. Hardy himself, and we congratulate him upon the completion of what must have been a lengthy and difficult task. His photographs—there are 240—are entirely admirable; for these alone the book will be prized.

Psychology Applied to Legal Evidence and Other Constructions of Law. Second Edition. Revised and Rewritten in Parts. By G. F. ARNOLD, I.C.S., C.I.E. (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta. Rs. 12.)

THE general object of this book is to impugn the system of English Law which declines to take cognisance of psychology and metaphysical considerations. Lawyers are charged with maintaining a traditional attitude against anything outside the Statute Book, and with ignoring the teachings of psychology—that is, the positive science of mental process. Six specific charges are made against the law, such as its artificiality, narrowness, excessive regard for precedents, erroneous views of experience, neglect of the conclusions of other sciences, consequent want of success. Although the lawyers go on thinking that their legal instinct and common sense supply them with all that

is needed—so that they admit no utility in psychology—it is claimed by the author to be shown in many places that the law is intimately concerned with various mental states, some of which supply one of the elements of almost every crime. Mr. Arnold has much to say against rules and presumptions, for instance, and generally against a great part of the Law of Evidence.

With much minuteness he has criticised the law as applied, in principles, to every branch of it which comes before the Courts; but it is impossible to deal here with the issues raised, which are rather technical and philosophical than generally interesting. He focusses a view constantly taken when he writes: "It is the opinion of some in India that much of the unrest there is due to the use of the High Courts by seditious agitators as a tribunal in which to challenge and delay the executive acts of the district officials and the willingness of the judges to suspend the orders of such officials pending their decision on points of law," and again—of the inadequacy of the law—"It has hampered the executive officers in their endeavours to combat sedition by awarding absurd damages against them for alleged unlawful searches, and it has been persistently employed by the seditious public as a means for delaying preventive measures ordered by the executive officers until the season has passed when their execution would be of any avail." The ideas expressed by Mr. Arnold would doubtless be considered whenever legislation is required, but the accuracy and strictness of English and Indian Law are not likely to borrow largely from the uncertain science of psychology.

Mélanges d'Archéologie et d'Épigraphie Byzantins. By O. TAFRALI. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 6 fr.)

A FEW months ago we had occasion to notice two rather massive volumes of M. Tafrali on the history, topography and architecture of ancient Salonica. The present work is a collection of short essays, three of which still deal with Salonica, and more particularly with its church of St. Demetrius, while the others treat respectively of Roumanian architecture and certain Greek inscriptions at Mount Sinai. The main interest of the Salonican essays lies in M. Tafrali's researches into the date and magnitude of an early fire, round which the critical history of the Church of St. Demetrius centres. M. Tafrali concludes that the fire took place about 630 and was only partial, and that the repairs were begun at once. For the Leo mentioned in an inscription, strong evidence is produced against his being the Iconoclast Emperor, and reasons are given for believing that he was a forgotten subordinate official. The *τρίβηλον*, an obscure architectural word used in reference to this and other churches, is satisfactorily defined. In Roumanian architecture M. Tafrali distinguishes between the Moldavian and Wallachian styles. Clear and excellent plates illustrate his theories.

Fiction

Up Above. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.).

THE "Shadow People," who, according to this book, inhabit "up above," are beings invisible to human sight, determined to make experiments. The mechanism of their existence is not made very clear, but we gather that they float on air as we on water, and thus exist on the outer surface of the earth's atmosphere. In order to penetrate the air, they had to construct vessels akin to our submarines, and with these they dived to earth and fished—as a deep sea fisherman might dive to catch crabs. The shadow people caught a Prime Minister (we are not given sufficient details to make us wish they had kept him) and sundry other folk, one of whom kept a diary in which he tells how the shadow people arranged their catches in a museum "up above." He also tells how these invisible beings dissected their prey, perhaps in a spirit of scientific inquiry—but that part of the book is nearly too gruesome to read.

There is a professor who solves the mystery of these shadow people, a mystery which begins with the theft of a parish pump, an elm tree, and other trifles, but ends tragically enough as far as a death-roll makes tragedy. There is a secretary to the professor, and there is also the professor's daughter—no more need be said with regard to them. Altogether, the book is a thrilling presentation of a fairly novel idea, rather "Wellsian" in style, but lacking the scientific basis on which all Wells' romances (as distinct from his novels) are founded. To one inclined to pedantic views, the author's premises are not strong enough to support his conclusions; to one in search of a modern Jules Verne story, here is one of the best that has appeared recently.

Melutovna. By HANNAH BERMAN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.).

"MELUTOVNA" is not so much a novel as a description of Jewish life in Russia. It should not therefore be judged by the standard which is generally applied to fiction. If it were it would have to be named a failure, for of plot there is practically none and of characterisation little if any more. The impression derived from reading the book is that Miss Berman had much valuable material but did not make the best possible use of it. Even as a sketch of life and manners it is in a sense unsatisfactory. It relates to the conditions of Jewish life in Russia almost half a century ago. Yet although dealing with a period now past, the conditions, terrible as they were at the time of which Miss Berman writes, have changed not altogether for the best, and perhaps the sum total of the misery described in these pages does not differ from the sum of the misery of the Jews in the townlets of Russia to-day.

Sheila Intervenes. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.).

DISRAELI proved past question the impermanence of the political novel, and it is doubtful whether in these days a novel with a strong political interest has a chance even of transient success; yet in this book there is sufficient merit to warrant a large public, for its characters are interesting, and certain social problems are viewed from a new point. For instance: "You remember the case of the Poor Law? Nothing much came of it, but the Minority Report is an armoury of suggestions for ardent young reformers to appropriate to their own use and carry through the land. The Majority Report invented a system of new labels for old abuses, and that was about all." Whether we agree with this dictum or no, we must admit that the author has a telling way of expressing his opinions.

The principal fault of the book is a tendency to smart conversation of the would-be witty order. "Nowadays a man is known by the wives he keeps," and the statement of marriage as "a revelation quite unsuited to mixed company," read as if the author had strained after wit, and again, "It's only when you've eaten a couple of dozen oysters that you appreciate the truth of the saying, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you,'" Such sentences may be elementarily funny, but it would take a host of them to evoke a smile from the average fiction reader.

Sheila is an interesting character, and her "intervention" is successful in the end, both for herself and her lover—the love interest is the best part of the story. It is rather diffusely told, and would have been better with less politics and more humanity, though we must confess we enjoyed the reading of a good many of its pages.

The Irresistible Intruder. By WILLIAM CAINE. (John Lane. 6s.).

SINCE the days when Helen's babies first made mirth, the world has been both amused and tortured by stories of bad and mischievous children, but Mr. Caine has achieved the impossible by writing a thoroughly captivating yarn round a good child. For Publius, who descended on Cecilia and Uncle Bill for the period of his school holidays, is quite irresistible, even to his final act as *deus inter machinæ*. The other people are Cecilia, Uncle Bill, Aunt Joan, and Brander Papy. Brander and Cecilia settled their love affair quite comfortably; Joan was a little widow who came to the country village that housed Uncle Bill and his sister, and who, on coming, had the set intention of marrying Uncle Bill for the sake of his comfortable home. In the process of bringing Bill to her feet, she lost her head, and, after they were engaged, she bolted, leaving him a letter to explain that she had loved him too well to play such a shabby trick on him. But Uncle Bill did not believe all the letter; he preferred to think that she

had never loved him, and that she had left him because she found him intolerably old and dull.

Readers will find it well worth their time and trouble to ascertain the end of this tangle, and Publius, who will help them on their way, will prove a delightful companion. His "kingdom of Fary," and the death of King Bungo the four hundred and first, are second only to Publius's exploits with the trout rod—but Publius must be read thoroughly, for excerpts would not do him justice. The love story of Uncle Bill and Aunt Joan—purely honorary relationships, with Publius as honorary nephew—is one of the tenderest and best that has been penned since "Lorna Doone." Without undue sentimentality or "pretty-pretty" nonsense, the author has given us a book that children may read, so clean and fresh is its story, and that grown-ups will most certainly enjoy.

The Mountain Apart. By JAMES PROSPER. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

THE title of this book is in a way misleading, for, according to its author, there is more than one mountain apart. Rose Hilton, a keen observer of life, married Mr. Penage when he asked her, in order to escape poverty, and ran away from him on her wedding day because he was an old man while she was yet a young girl, and she had suddenly realised what marriage meant. Recalled by a telegram, she found Penage paralysed, and while he lived she nursed him. So, a wife in name only, she came to the mountain apart, and observed the waste of feminine life that modern civilisation makes inevitable. Later, she came to another mountain apart—the one which neither man nor woman ascends alone—but the mere story is worth reading for the sake of its end, and it would be unfair to tell more.

It is not the story that matters much here, however, but the people of the book, and the author's observations by the way. This is not merely a "clever" novel, but a book of marked originality, in which are neither villains nor saints, but real people whom we come to know intimately. It is also an excellent piece of argument against the suffrage folly of to-day. The natural functions of sex are discussed, without any nastiness, and then: "Could the eternal edicts be upset by an Act of Parliament and the kind favour of Mr. Asquith?" This, however, gives no idea of the fine reasoning which the book contains, reasoning which will go far to confute the theories of certain sexless fanatics who attempt to define the needs of modern womanhood.

Yet that is but one aspect of this unusually fine piece of psychological dissection. It is a book that should be read carefully, and we wish its author the large public that such work deserves.

Music

TO those who love sun and fresh air there is something abhorrent about a concert given on a fine summer's afternoon. Music and performers must be of an exceptional order if we are to be reconciled to the spending of two hot hours in a concert-room. But how agreeable is a good concert in November! The sun is but a memory, and London air only a murky delusion. For those who can appreciate the austere charm of the music of a dripping woodland, or the music of a muddy path, an autumn walk would, no doubt, be better than a chair at Bechstein Hall. But for town-dwellers, how pleasant to put down the companionable book which they have been dozing over since luncheon, to make their way briskly to the snug concert-room and listen to the friendly speech of some genial composers, all the time enjoying a subdued anticipation of the hasty walk home, the fireside, and the companionable book again! Such a pleasure may be enjoyed almost every day by those who choose it. Last Thursday it was with no undue reluctance that we closed our novel—although we had to leave the heroine in a very critical position—for we could look forward to her extrication from it and wonder what ingenuity of authorship would bring about her salvation, while listening to Mme. Bathori singing French songs and Mr. Borwick playing the piano. We need not repeat at length what we have often said before, that Mme. Bathori is one of the two or three most delightful singers known to us. She was not in her best voice last week, it is true; but how little that mattered when the art and the sympathy were unimpaired! On reading her programme we were conscious of a momentary regret that it contained only the most familiar songs. While she was singing them, we thought, "How foolish to have desired anything different!" Would that she might never cease singing her "Colloque Sentimental" and all that tender nonsense of the graceful Bilitis. It had always been a baritone who had told us, in M. Hahn's charming song, about his revisiting the "Cimetière de Campagne," and it was very interesting to hear Mme. Bathori saying that she had been there also. But we cannot bear to think of her being buried, even in a country so dear to us as that "beau pays d'Amberieu." So, even though she sang—and played—the song perfectly, we beg her not to sing it again.

Mr. Borwick was in his most chastened mood. He played Bach with so awed a reverence as to make one ask, "Does he think it almost wrong to play Bach?" Many details in Franck's Prelude Aria and Finale were admirably brought out, but, as a whole, Mr. Borwick's interpretation was disappointing. This is a majestic piece of music, big and broad. It should be so played that one feels at once how stamped it is with "l'air noble." Dare we say that Mr. Borwick made it sound a little middle-class, even dull? His technique enables him to sing out the melodies in what-

ever part of the harmony they occur; he phrased them beautifully, and never gave them undue prominence at the expense of the counterpoint. He was specially successful, from this point of view, with the *Aria*, though it seemed to us that he sacrificed some of its dignity in favour of its sentiment. The way in which he managed to prevent applause between the movements deserved our gratitude and praise. Dr. Ernest Walker provided "notes" in the programme book. He says that this work and its twin masterpiece—the *Prelude*, *Chorale*, and *Fugue*—bear no date, but are "obviously products of maturity." Had he consulted M. Vincent d'Indy's book on Franck, he would have found not only the date of the two compositions, 1884 and 1886, but a good deal concerning the aims of the master in writing them.

Modern French genius was again made manifest last week by Sir Henry Wood, who played Maurice Ravel's "*Rhapsodie Espagnole*" at the Symphony Concert. We believe that this was not its first performance in London; but, at all events, we did not know it, and must confess that we were completely taken captive by its charm and its brilliance. There are four short movements—*Prélude à la Nuit*, *Malagueña*, *Habanera*, and *Feria*. Of this last, Mrs. Newmarch says that "definite and clear-cut melody is not its peculiar characteristic," but she might have added that in all the four pieces the orchestration is so perfectly transparent that whatever there is of melody is never lost. It seems that Ravel has not written a single note that could be dispensed with. One never said to oneself, "I must remember that little phrase, and try to recognise it when it comes again." The little phrases, the piquant rhythms, had never to be looked for. They were always there, never to be missed or mistaken. Yet, as we were told, there was no insistence, no formal tune. When we reflect on the first hearing of various great modern symphonies and symphonic poems, with their big definite subjects, and remember how, in spite of their open-mouthed first statements, it presently became difficult enough to recognise them again, we conclude that M. Ravel's art of expression has reached a wonderfully high point. After an evening spent at a Spanish fair, one comes away with a vivid remembrance of the light and colour and movement of it all, though no detail of remarkable importance has varied the general character of the scene. So one left Queen's Hall remembering perfectly all that M. Ravel's music had said, though there were but few phrases in it that were of the unforgettable kind. It would be hard to say which was the more delightful—to admire M. Ravel's Spanish pictures merely for the enjoyment their truthfulness and beauty give, or for the extraordinary art by which he accomplishes his ends.

Among other musical events of the past week we may note the concert of Mr. Smallwood Metcalfe's choir, a body of singers whose delight in their work and determination to carry out their conductor's wishes were pretty to observe. Their best work was, un-

fortunately, not done in the best music, and it might be well if they were more severely confined to study of the great masters. A word of cordial praise should be given to Miss Helen Sealy, who played some violin solos in perfect taste and with very pure tone. Her style is quite unaffected, and it was therefore pleasant to find the audience so quick to appreciate the fine quality of her playing.

At a concert given by Miss Audrey Chapman's excellent orchestra, at the Passmore-Edwards Settlement, one of Dvorak's symphonies was remarkably well played under the direction of Mr. Geoffrey Toye, a young conductor of whom we expect great things, so complete was his control and so vivid his understanding of the music.

Lille

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

LOOKING back on the motives which induced me to seek out a part of France not often visited, I am forced to confess that a certain vanity was combined with the spirit of adventure. I cherished the idea that what the travelling world had agreed to neglect I might find unaccountably amusing. It is not an uncommon form of vanity: very often some delicious discovery seems to lend it justification. Lille, however, and its "environs" were destined to send me back to the beaten path filled with humility, an eager student of my guide!

It was an Easter tour, and Easter was exceptionally early. I think it was March 20 when I left London, and after an unpropitious crossing, arrived at Lille somewhere about four o'clock in the morning—trusting to the very boldness of the undertaking to force Fate to look after me. It had no such effect on Fate. Arrived before what a sleepy porter assured me was the principal hotel in the town, the *Grand Hôtel*, I entered on a half-hour's warfare with bell-pull and knocker before I could effect an entry. And when I did get in, the accommodation was lugubrious.

The morning revealed a grimy boulevard, with the circular glass hind-quarters of the station cutting it off short at one end, and a square or market-place at the other. This boulevard reminded me of some Yorkshire manufacturing "village"; it had not a trace of the urban splendour even of comparatively small French cities. To me, thrusting an inquisitive nose out of the window, it did not appear to be French at all. I unpacked Joanne to make sure that I had not been mistaken in the number of its inhabitants. But no: there it was as large as life, "*V de 205,602 hab.*"

Lille reveals itself quickly to the chance visitor. Hardly has he emerged from its huge and forbidding station before he realises that what everyone says about

it is true. It is a mean and dirty town of enormous proportions and unparalleled ugliness. Even the language spoken in the streets is a barbarous travesty of French. *L'accent lillois* to one who has come to France to bathe in the music of the most beautiful of languages is positively revolting. Thick, harsh, and "plummy," it contrives to denude French of all its Latin precision and grace.

The station, as I have mentioned, pokes itself into the middle of the town, and it is but a step, down the Rue Faidherbe, to the Grand' Place, where stand the only two buildings of interest which Lille can boast—the Grand' Garde and the Old Bourse. The latter is a very decorative, blackened building of brick and stone, elaborately ornamented, and surmounted, on the side facing the Grand' Place, by a belfry. The shops on the ground floor are no doubt very shocking, but they lend the rather sombre building a needed animation. It was begun in 1652, during the time of the Spanish domination. Apart from these buildings, the Grand' Place at Lille (1913) can hardly be called attractive.

Lille, however, seems suddenly to have come to the conclusion that for a city of its size and wealth it is not sufficiently grandiose. A café of the grandiose type had been opened, though still unfinished, a week or two before my arrival. Its decorative paintings seemed to have been imitated from the cafés in the Cannebière—only more so. Then there was a vast new theatre nearing completion, just behind the Bourse, and by its side an hotel of the usual "palace" type, an institution badly enough needed, was just emerging from its scaffolding. Lille, indeed, possesses only two hotels, the Grand Hôtel near the station and the Hôtel de l'Europe in the Rue Basse. They would neither of them be remarkable for luxury, even in the smallest of country towns.

From the Grand' Place various lines of tramways take one for a few pennies to Roubaix and Tourcoing and other manufacturing centres in the immediate neighbourhood. These are astonishingly like the most unpleasant of their English equivalents. The cottages of the operatives cover the plain like some hideous scarlet rash on the earth's face. In their unredeemed ugliness they differ only in degree from the sumptuous "art-nouveau" villas of the middle classes which exist outside Roubaix. Roubaix itself is a vast manufacturing town with about 121,000 inhabitants, whose architecture presents, roughly, a contrast between Clapham and Selfridge's. It has a new and grandiose town hall in the middle of its *place*. This building is lapped round by seas of squalor, mean little streets of shops, mean little streets of houses leading ultimately to vast "works" full of chimneys and pipes of odd shapes whose outline against the lowering sky is the only thing æsthetically effective in the whole district. These towns all stand in a broad plain, are all close together, and linked up by tramways and railways. On board one of the trams on which I returned to Lille

from Tourcoing I saw a man, dressed in a top-hat, frock coat, and button boots, kick a little dog until it bled.

Obstinate in the belief that no town in France of over 200,000 inhabitants could really be entirely without interest, I began an exploration of Lille that was almost desperate. There were cafés, of course, where the local "nuts" saw an unattractive form of life and gave it beer to drink, to the sound of a band. Perhaps I was not in the humour; perhaps the café of the moment was not the one I was in; but I have seldom felt so cynical about the pursuit of pleasure as I did at Lille. And the music-hall I went to had a *revue* of such a terrific tediousness that even now I tremble at its recollection. A more satisfactory evening amusement than that at the "Casino" or the night cafés was the exploration of the restaurants. Some of these (and one in particular in a turning off the Rue Faidherbe near the Grand' Place) were quite excellent, and I have seldom eaten better food than they gave me or drunk a better bottle of wine. "Au Vatel" was, I remember, one of my satisfactory discoveries. The fat bourgeois of Lille, one gathered, were used to doing themselves well. A curious local custom was for the waiter to inquire, after each course, before removing the plate: "*C'est terminé pour Monsieur?*" After two days I gave up the unequal struggle to find Lille amusing. My adventure had not proved a success. I surged up and down the town's uninteresting boulevards in the tramcars—admiring the Porte de Paris, a late seventeenth-century archway of much magnificence, and the other remaining town gates—but the only really pleasant quarter that I could discover was the open plain in front of Vauban's *Citadelle*, through which runs the River Deûle. Little groups of soldiers seemed always to be moving about this plain, and going in and out of the barracks through the handsome seventeenth-century gateway. The air, too, was freer from grime and from smoke here, and there was some room for the sun to see what it could do. People on horseback; girls' schools going for their morning walks in long crocodiles; little officers elegant in their uniforms; bargees; nursemaids—all contrived to strike a human note which was lacking elsewhere in the town. But neither this pleasant promenade, nor even the pictures (I ought to mention, in justice, that Lille has perhaps the finest collection in France outside Paris), nor the excellence of the food in some of the restaurants, reconciled me to the idea of staying. On the fourth morning I fled to the station, defeated, and took train for Laon, realising once again, in all their fullness, those pleasures of anticipation which, for the traveller, are his chief delight.

Messrs. Macmillan have in the press a translation of Théodore de Banville's "Ballades," by A. T. Strong, lecturer in English at the Melbourne University.

The Mountains of South Wales

II.

YOU must be prepared to content yourself with humble quarters and humble fare upon occasion. If you are deliberately avoiding the haunts of man, as I was, you may often find upon arriving at the "inn" which bulks so largely upon your map that it is the tiniest beerhouse in the world. Not seldom will you be faced with the prospect of an extra ten-mile trudge for which you have made no allowance in your itinerary.

In Radnor Forest (I presume there once grew therein at least two trees; there are no signs of them to-day) I realised for the first time in my life the full and unpleasant significance of the verb "to grouse." The date was not far removed from the 12th. The hills were so thickly veiled in mist that one had difficulty in seeing twenty yards ahead; one could not see to shoot an elephant. A driving rain had quickly soaked me through. My burden was heavy but my heart was light. Half-way up the mountain side I espied a cattle shelter. I took refuge therein for a few moments' rest. Presently there arrived a sportsman who appeared to be sole owner of the universe. At least, he did his level best in the few moments which I suffered to remain at his disposal to impress upon me the fact that I was an intruder, a trespasser, a blot upon his mountain. He warned me to keep to the tracks. He might with equal helpfulness have told me to follow the tram-lines. A pure white harebell which I had the good fortune to find shortly afterwards caused me to forget though not to forgive the churlishness of the "Grouser." And before long I came upon a large patch of glorious white heather. I was happy—until I arrived at the outskirts of Llandrindod Wells, where I purposed to lay my head for the night. A farmer had informed me that it lay "just over the hill." "Just over" involved several perilous ascents and descents and a journey of many miles. But I arrived—arrived to find Llandrindod Wells, as to one moiety thereof, engaged in playing golf; as to the other, engaged in tea-drinking. Tea is a serious affair in Llandrindod Wells. And so is golf. A huge sixty-horse-power motor-car tore past me up the hill with its burden of bored humanity. Below, in the steamy hollow, the denizens of the spa ate and drank and paraded in the streets and ignored the incomparable beauty which surrounded it.

The greatest heights to which its splenetic half-pay officers and valetudinarians ever attain is the golf-course. And late in the day is it before the sun of Llandrindod Wells ascends even thus far. For heavy breakfasts must be eaten, sulphurous waters quaffed, the craving for gossip appeased, and a multitude of equally unprofitable tasks accomplished before the hour is ripe for the afternoon round of golf. I took the first train in the morning and hastened towards the Beacons of Brecon. The highest point fails of three thousand feet by a little. I first scaled the Beacons late one misty afternoon. A shepherd warned me that

I should never find my way down again. The long, grass-clad saddleback which forms the easiest approach from the north seemed unending. Suddenly there loomed before me an apparently unscalable precipice of shattered rock. I crept up warily and rejoiced.

The thick mist shed over the scene a veil of mystery and eerie loneliness. Not a sound disturbed the unearthly stillness. Sheep loomed up from nowhere and, after one startled and bewildered gaze, disappeared, seemingly, into void space. A little later, through a break in the grey pall, shone a patch of clear azure sky, and I looked down in wonder and joy upon cobalt scree and blood-red scars, upon the steep slopes the more startling in the intensity of their colouring by reason of the vivid olive-green of grass fresh with the moisture of overlaid clouds. Up there amidst the clouds the great creatures of the sea whom time has forgotten sleep their profound sleep. Their surcoat is, maybe, a trifle threadbare, but purple.

R. E. N.

Some New French Plays

M. HENRY BATAILLE'S new play, "Le Phalène," recently given at the Vaudeville Theatre, is marked by a tendency common to almost every manifestation of modern art. It is essentially fragmentary, and seems composed of details which are based neither on strength of composition nor on a carefully studied plan, nor even on a well-developed general idea. It reminds us of the weird harmonies of modern musicians who revel in series of sounds succeeding each other without any theme, or of the "vibrations" noted by the Futurist or Cubist painters, without perspective. The plot is that of a thrilling penny serial. And, as it treats of a very particular pathological case, the play never attains the rank of a comedy of character.

Thyra is a young girl who belongs to the alarming cosmopolitan set which has selected Paris as a halting-place. She is very beautiful, exceedingly talented, and original. Evidently the author has read the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff whilst drawing the character of his heroine, for Thyra shares with her Russian predecessor an unquenchable thirst for glory and a violent disdain for commonplace life. When the curtain rises on the first act she has just returned from a hospital consultation, whither she went to learn the truth about a lung affection; the doctor has brutally told her that she has only five or six years to live. She does not lose her nerve, but wonders what will be the most agreeable way of spending her remaining time. She first asks a great sculptor, her master, how long she must still study in order to perfect her art. Of course, he answers that the least period required is five or six years; otherwise, the play would come to an abrupt close! Seeing that she is even deprived of her art, Thyra smashes the statue on which she was working,

and meditates again. She decides that in her last six years on earth she will experience all the most thrilling, voluptuous and curious sensations life can produce.

She immediately carries out her decision by donning a very light and airy costume and going to one of the most debauched balls of Paris. Before starting, she breaks her engagement to the Prince of Thyeste. He follows her furtively, and is dumbfounded in seeing his sublime *fiancée* in a boisterous orgy. Thyra evidently thinks she must lose no time in beginning her collection of sensations. She accompanies an unknown American painter to his house, and only reaches her own home in the small hours of the morning (second act). The Prince is waiting for her, rather exasperated. After a lengthy dialogue, which the actress takes in the half-nude costume of Salome, Thyra tells her *ex-fiancé* that she acted thus in order to put the irreparable between them. But having done so, she proceeds to prove to him immediately the nature of her real sentiments, without passing before M. le Maire. The Prince accepts without any unnecessary scruples, and the curtain falls just in time.

In the third act, Thyra and the Prince have reached Italy, and we are presented with all the indispensable accessories of southern climes: blue sky, vivid rocks, lyricism besprinkled liberally with sublimity, evocations of young poets, negro servants, princes, dukes, duchesses, and mystical dethroned queens.

Alas! Thyra discovers that the Prince of Thyeste cares less for her as her fatal illness progresses, so after quite a lot of poesy, she starts for Paris (fourth act), where she gives a marvellous *fête*, to which she bids all her friends. And as she wishes that they should keep an æsthetic souvenir of her remarkable beauty, she strips herself of all protecting veils and allows her guests to contemplate her thus for an instant, before committing suicide. Happily, this takes place in the wings.

The whole play is based on an extremely rare pathological case, which excludes it from attaining a very general *portée*. M. Bataille defends himself from the accusation of desiring to draw any general conclusions. He has only wished to create an atmosphere which will interest and charm his audience; in this he has succeeded. It is, however, to be regretted that his comedy is so full of literary effects, which is quite disastrous in the case of a play. There is also an absolute lack of homogeneity and of construction; we may be occasionally interested by a delicate conception (for we must not forget that Bataille began his career as a poet), but we cannot help feeling the most painful impression of moral disorder. From time to time the characters certainly emit curious ideas on art, on mysticism, on æstheticism, but they do this so vaguely that we are forced to feel that the author has been unable to disengage these ideas from all the literary padding which surrounds them. Those whom "Le Phalène" would rather fatigue, if they wish to follow it with sustained attention, will be agreeably entertained, for in each act the author has reserved some attraction,

such as plastic poses, prettily dressed women, and dances.

The rôle of Thyra is taken by Mlle. Yvonne de Bray, who has been the protagonist of numerous light comedies in which the chief qualities required were coquetry, gaiety and youth. The part is a very heavy one; she is perfect in the scenes necessitating those qualities which are particularly hers, but not in the scenes which demand strength and violence. Mme. Moreno, who plays the part of a dethroned queen, possesses, on the contrary, a marvellous voice and a great deal of natural ease and nobleness of gesture. The character of the Prince of Thyeste was well represented by M. Capellani, who is as violent, egotistical, strong-headed, and elegant as is necessary.

M. Henri Kistemackers possesses undeniable scenic gifts. He knows how to construct a play, how to sharpen or retard the interest, how to adapt his dialogue to the situation. He has always a plot, which nowadays is quite rare, and if his plots are often quite impossible, or, to say the least, improbable, they are replete with theatrical effects, even if these are not of the finest texture. But M. Kistemackers makes one mistake: he wishes to aim too high. There have been many first-class authors who have not blushed to write plays meant simply to divert or interest their contemporaries, without proposing to study any incomplete racial or social problem in three or four acts. Of course, by introducing a theme in his comedies, M. Kistemackers succeeds only in confusing the action proper and the vague symbolism which he dotes on!

In "L'Occident," just presented at the Renaissance Theatre, he shows us a young Moroccan dancer, Hanouna, who, after leading a rather stormy life, has become the "lady friend" of a French naval officer named Cadière. The dancer symbolises the fatalism, fanaticism and individualism of the East; the officer personifies the honour of the West. After a series of incidents, the West triumphs over the East. There is the indispensable opium-smoking atmosphere, since the play takes place at Toulon, and an agreeable troupe of young persons. There are also all the dramatic elements which contribute towards determining a modern success, and a fire which appropriately breaks out at the close of the third act permits M. Kistemackers to perpetuate his custom of making his plays end by a catastrophe.

"L'Occident" is finely acted by Mme. Suzanne Désprès, who personifies, with a rare power of concentration and strength, the dancer Hanouna. M. Abel Tarride is, as usual, very sober yet energetic in the part of Cadière. M. Lérand has sketched, with his customary care for detail, the figure of the severe Commandant Lignières, whilst in the rather pitiable figure of Arnaud, the young officer who falls a prey to the Machiavellian wiles of Hanouna, M. Vincent is not quite equal to the task, in spite of his appreciable efforts to cope with the difficult rôle which is imposed upon him.

MARC LOGE.

Japanese Colour Prints at South Kensington

IN our last week's issue we published a notice of the series of Japanese colour prints lent by R. Leicester Harmsworth, Esq., M.P., now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The collection is peculiarly valuable from the historical aspect. It must be borne in mind that colour printing in Japan dates only from the early eighteenth century, and is wholly plebeian in the sense that it was pursued by humble craftsmen, not great artists, who sold their productions for a mere trifle amongst the working classes. Other notable features of the art which must be kept in view are that the work was entirely done by hand, no printing press of any kind being employed, that certain conventions were necessary on account of the limitations inherent in the process, that it required some time to acquire a mastery of the principles of perspective, and that the possibilities of blue were not discovered until a comparatively late date. For our own part, we must frankly and unashamedly confess that the productions of the so-called period of decadence possess a far greater attractiveness than the strictly classical masterpieces. In particular, the marvellous ultramarine of certain seascapes and river scenes of Hokusai has always exercised a peculiar fascination over us. But to our mind the greatest charm of any branch of the art is to be found in the wonderfully delicate and realistic snow-scenes of Hiroshige. This artist also fully grasped the possibilities of blue; two of his fan designs here exhibited are composed entirely in that colour, with the exception of the signatures.

The capacities of the tough mulberry bark paper used for colour prints is great. In several of the examples here displayed embossed work will be found. One does not customarily attribute humour to Japanese artists, but in numbers 111 to 116 will be noticed an entirely delightful and amusing representation of the Fox's Wedding. The catalogue is admirably arranged and illustrated, and contains most valuable information for the student.

The Fine Art Society has at present on view, at 148, New Bond Street, a representative collection of the drawings and pastels of Mr. Lewis Baumer. In addition to a number of the originals of his well-known contributions to *Punch*, are to be seen several of his illustrations of "Vanity Fair." In these he has reached the high-water mark of book-illustration. His pastel studies will also repay careful attention. In an adjoining room is a collection of water-colours by Mr. Moffat Lindner, depicting the waterways of Venice and Holland. To our mind, the artist detracts from the merit of his work by excessive and studied roughness and lack of finish. There is further a fine collection of etchings by Frank Brangwyn.

Thames Conservancy

THE Thames has been the peculiar property of Londoners ever since the oars of Roman triremes thrashed its waters. In the essay of Elia on the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, claim was made that "the stream that watered our pleasant places" belonged to the Temple, the spot of Lamb's "kindly engendure." In our utilitarian age the tidal reaches of the river are, in the main, a highway for merchandise, the channel in which the shuttle of a world's commerce travels. The foreign agriculturist regards the maw of London as insatiable. To the Briton who wanders through the apparently sterile region of Jutland nothing is more remarkable than the methods by which the wants of the English consumer are studied and catered for. He will hear on all hands statistics of exports to England of butter, bacon, and eggs, and a score of other commodities; of regulations rigidly enforced to prevent the British market being alienated; of co-operative farms; of State aid skilfully adjusted to the advancement of agriculture. He will see wind-swept wastes, left bare under the wreckage of Glacial Ages, converted into veritable goldfields by their hardy cultivators, whose stream of Pactolus flows steadily from English pockets.

The jaws of the Thames are for ever open to swallow the produce of the world. Statutory blunders and extravagances are condoned and obliterated by the growing needs of the hungry giant we call "London." Therein are twelve or fourteen hundred more mouths to fill than was the case last Friday. So long as the monster thus grows like a geometrical puzzle, the Thames will continue to be the entrance gate of a world mart.

Until recently, the tidal portion of the river was also a highway for pleasure and business. Through the crass muddling of a "Progressive" County Council, the Thames is now well nigh deprived of this important function. The methods by which this public service was crippled and extinguished, and the dog-in-the-manger tactics which have prevented its revival form an object-lesson of Socialist achievement, which the Londoner will do well to ponder. In the past, the waterman's trim-built wherry was the fashionable conveyance from one end of town to the other, that which the gondola is to the Venetian. As roads improved and locomotion became more organised, the waterman's craft went to the wall. There are old enactments under which it was often an offence to impede the routes running north and south to the waterside, where wherries plied for hire. In 1634 the Watermen petitioned the King, saying that hackney coaches were "not confined to going north and south, but their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streetes and places abutting upon the river doth utterly ruinuate your petitioners."

Many of those who read this article will remember a time when the Thames was little better than an open sewer. Science can certainly claim to have wrought a

revolution in respect of the cleansing of our befouled river, but much remains unachieved. A few years ago a scheme was afoot for the building of a barrage and the conversion of the tidal compartment of the river into a lake. This proposal, had it been carried out, would have deprived London of that cleansing flood and ebb of waters to which its wonderful healthiness is so largely due. An army of self-appointed scavengers now visit us—multitudes of sea gulls flock to the heart of London. Not only do they add vastly to the charm and beauty of our bridges, but their services are priceless. The ostrich pales his ineffectual fires before the common gull, as a consumer of garbage.

The literary interests that cluster about our river are legion. Watching evening shadows fall across the Pool or from one of the bridges, the artistic *ensemble* revealed is well nigh perfect. Dull must he be of soul to whom such a fantasy of slowly-changing splendour does not awaken a sense of wonder and beauty. Without our smoke-laden atmosphere and the mists which hover along the Thames valley, we should miss those glorious sky-scapes to which, because they are so familiar, the average Londoner is blind. The Londoner's pose is that of aloofness of expression, and this pose he is wont to wear as an armour against the shock of enthusiasm. If Potsdam grenadiers were to mount guard in Whitehall, after a lapse of 48 hours he would take them as a matter of course. The North American Indian and the mountaineer of Morocco make it a point of honour to express no surprise at new sights, be they ever so novel. Even so in the main the Londoner affects a callous indifference to the artistry of his own city. There is a story told of James I that shows how little the temperament of the Londoner has changed in 300 years. The King, it appears, sent to the Lord Mayor to demand from the Corporation a loan of £20,000. To this the burgesses made answer that, not having such a sum available, they could not lend it. "Then," quote the King, "I will force you." He threatened to remove the Court to Winchester or Oxford, to shut up the Law Courts and thus destroy the civic life of the capital by royal neglect. The Corporation to this cajolery made a truly Cockney reply: "Sire, you may do all you say. One thing your Majesty cannot do, and that is take from us the Thames."

For several years a Royal Commission sat, the principal purpose of which appeared to be to make out a case for disestablishing the Thames Conservancy from its management of the lower river. This it accomplished. It was admitted that the London docks were to a certain extent behind the times. Evidence was forthcoming that, although the trade of London went on increasing, the tendency of overseas trade was to shift its centre to British detriment. The London river was however conspicuously a cheap port for short sea-trading craft which did not go into dock, and these supplied a vast preponderance of the tonnage handled. The charge against the Thames Conservancy amounted to this—it had not spent money which it did not possess. The operation of transferring the financial burden of the

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Dock industry to the shoulders of the consumer was embodied in a Bill, under which in due course the Port of London Authority came into being. That body has carried out its mandate. It has consolidated and strengthened the commercial organisation of the Port; it has spent and is spending money like water.

The problems of London as a manufacturing centre are rapidly changing. The function of the Thames grows more that of a food carrier, less that of a raw material carrier. The tendency of modern industrialism is decentralisation. Year by year the tale of factories closed in the London area and opened fifty or a hundred miles away, is increasing. One thing seems pretty obvious, the Port Authority would be well advised to reduce, while it may, its burden of dead debt. Last year the value of London imports and exports was £383,629,052. A strenuous effort should now be made to write down the load of debt, which might in the future, under novel conditions, cripple industry.

London has grown into a gigantic province. Within the last few years we have seen the extinction of her shipbuilding industry. If no national calamity befalls us, she must remain the money heart of the world. The vast expansion of foreign ports, such as Antwerp and Rotterdam, has mainly come about by reason of the fact that modern trade resembles a land-locked river, ever seeking new channels of discharge. When we consider the industrial unrest of the time, how young nations are urgently seeking their place in the sun, the astounding rapidity with which old methods nowadays are wont to be scrapped, the policy of government upon which the healthful growth of the world's capital depends is a concern intimately affecting every corner of our wide-flung Empire.

A. E. CAREY.

The Theatre

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

MUSIC DRAMAS IN ENGLISH

THIS interesting adventure of Mr. Raymond Rôze certainly deserves the sincerest attention of that enormous world of music-lovers which London undoubtedly possesses. We could hardly expect that success would come to such an undertaking at a single bound. But the productions at Covent Garden, although leaving something to be desired to the critical, still offer a feast of music and delight to the general public.

JOAN OF ARC

With this elaborate and beautiful production Mr. Rôze makes a bold bid for popular support. It is true that musicians have not greatly complimented him on the originality of his composition, nor critics of the drama on the action of his story, but there remains very much in which the theatre-goer will take

delight. The romance of Joan is known to all, but the beauty of the setting and the gorgeousness of the costumes worn at the Court of Charles VII or in the camp are only fully realised when one has had the advantage of seeing just how Mr. Rôze, supported by a dozen experts, manages to fill his great stage with brilliancy and bravery. On the night we saw the opera, the music was sung and played throughout with perfect skill under the conductorship of the composer. Miss Lilian Granfelt was perfectly at home as the inspired heroine, and from her call and farewell to her home, even unto her martyrdom and apotheosis, held the sympathy of the audience, both by her voice and the simple charm of her acting. Of the many other characters, Mr. Henry Rabke as Charles VII and Mr. Charles Mott as Philip, Duke of Burgundy, were the most effective, the first presenting the curious King of France with great skill and the second singing the music of Philip with distinction and clearness.

In a work such as this, which is so largely dependent on the rich effect of the music and the elaborate tableaux, the story, already well known, need not be forced upon the hearer. In this respect we must say almost the whole company showed a determination to tell us very little. We know, of course, that the language in which they sang was English, but the enunciation, even with the clearest, was evidently a very grave difficulty, and thus many a valuable point was missed or told only by the orchestra. Before this is in print, changes will doubtless have been made which will bring "Joan of Arc" more nearly into touch with an English audience. Among many beautiful and successful scenes, that of the ballet was especially appreciated. The *première danseuse*, Karina, and the *premier danseur*, Roberty, with the aid of Espinosa and others, made a most effective appearance; indeed, there were periods during the opera when we should have liked to recall them, for, notwithstanding the many fine things in "Joan of Arc," there are dull passages.

There will be gayer evenings during Mr. Rôze's season, for we see he promises us the ballet of "Narkiss," with the lively M. Roberty in the title rôle, in his later production of the immensely popular "Hansel and Gretel."

TANNHÄUSER

Mr. John Coates bore the weight and glory of this tremendous character with great gallantry on its first production this season. Wagner's splendid opera has so long been written about, that one need not say more than that the important orchestra which Mr. Rôze has gathered together gave us once more the well-known music with perfect skill and brilliancy. The singing as a whole was, no doubt, sufficient, but it was not remarkable in the history of "Tannhäuser," nor did the fact that English was sung prove greatly to our advantage. Miss May Storia proved to be a beautiful, if not very passionate, Venus, and Miss Bettina Freeman a dramatic Elisabeth. Again the ladies and

gentlemen of the ballet gave us a lively quarter of an hour; the production, although not of the finest, is worthy of the consideration of all students and enthusiasts of music.

"Great Catherine" at the Vaudeville Theatre

MR. SHAW'S LITTLE FARCE

It is our misfortune not always to have been able to admire everything that Mr. Shaw has written for the stage. We know hundreds of people to whom his name is enough to make them thrill with a sense of his depth and cleverness, his engaging brilliancy, his ever-present wit. Without being as lucky as these, from the earliest days we have admired the highest in his work whenever it was permitted to us to find it. We had imagined that eighteenth-century Court life in Petersburg might have been amusing when treated in his candid method. But his "Great Catherine" is little more than a rather pointless jest at the expense of the manners and conversation of an English captain of Light Dragoons whom the author forces into the society of Prince Potemkin, the Empress, and the rest.

The period is 1776, and there are four simple scenes. The first shows us what is supposed to be the Prince's chancery in the Palace at Petersburg. Potemkin, admirably played by Mr. McKinnel, is getting drunk on French brandy while his niece, the "beautiful little darling," Varinka, Miss Miriam Lewes, abuses him. The English Captain Edstaston, Mr. Breon, comes to ask for an introduction to Catherine, and is received after some difficulty by the Prince, who treats him in a curious and barbaric manner. At the *petit levée* of the next scene Potemkin throws the Captain upon the Empress's bed, and his English stupidity is again developed—with no great skill—and laughed at by the Court. The Empress appears to make love to him and he flies to the English girl to whom he is engaged, and who, of course, happens to be in Petersburg. He is then arrested after an ignominious fashion, and in the last scene tortured by Catherine, who has him bound before her on the floor and then tickles his ribs with her pointed shoe. He is eventually released and makes a prodigiously stupid speech and leaves the Court. Catherine says she wishes she had him back again; Potemkin asks if she wishes him for her lover, and the curtain comes down on her brilliant answer, "No, for my museum."

There is a little modern satire in the dialogue, with a few quite modest jokes, and there is a very charming and convincing presentation of Catherine by Miss Gertrude Kingston, who plays the part with a wonderful German accent and something more than her usual distinction of manner. But the little play, as a whole, is neither very worthy of the author nor in any way valuable. By

calling it a thumbnail sketch we presume that Mr. Shaw intends to hint that it is a trifling affair, but we do not see why a drawing on a finger-nail, or even a toe-nail, should not be a work of art. Mr. Shaw's confused sketch is preceded by Mr. Hermon Ould's lugubrious play, "Between Sunset and Dawn," which is powerfully acted, especially by Mr. McKinnel and Mr. Breon, and Miss Ada King.

Shakespearean Ballet at the Empire

WE do not remember to have seen any form of fantastic choral ballet so beautiful, delicate, and enthralling as that which Madame Lydia Kyasht and Mr. C. Wilhelm and Mr. Cuthbert Clarke have adapted from the fruitful sources of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Mendelssohn's music.

The result of this inspired collaboration is delightful. The ballet of "Titania" contains within its short traffic of the stage the most delicious quintessence of the fairy spirit of Shakespeare's play. We see again the curious quarrel of Oberon and Titania, the sly ways of Puck, the folly of the mortals, and the moonlight revels of the most charming fairies, and the strange adventures of that juice of

..... a little Western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound
And maidens call it love-in-idleness—

that charm which, laid on sleeping eyelids, can, in the case of Titania and Bottom the Weaver, bring about such quaint results. All this and much more is told in the gay dances of Madame Kyasht and her companions to the lovely music of Mendelssohn, especially orchestrated to suit the occasion by Mr. Clarke.

The Nick Bottom of Mr. Fred Payne and the other mortals, who are only on the scene just as long as they amuse us, are played with the true Shakespearean low-comedy seriousness and sincerity. These characters—so frequently burlesqued and modernised out of recognition—are here presented with a perfect sense of proportion, and add immensely to the fantasy of the fairy ballet by contrast of the boldest sort.

In the character of Titania, Madame Kyasht looks and dances as the most beautiful of the fairies we have known. Other dancers may surpass her grace of movement, but none outshines her beauty or her skill. With the fine, romantic Oberon of M. Leonid Joukoff, her scenes indeed take us over the borderland of the world. The beauty, delicacy, and dignity of the King and Queen of the Fairies oblige us to be their humble, admiring subjects—if they will permit our devotion.

But not contented with so many charming devices, the producers of "Titania" also give us a blithe and

accomplished Philomel in the vivacious and graceful person of Miss Phyllis Bedells. Although her manner is different from that of Madame Kyasht, and in no way clashes with "Titania," we are devoted to Philomel too; her youthful spirit, her gaiety, and grace lend one more charm to this admirable production.

As for the rest of the programme at the Empire, it is filled with merriment. The vaudeville, or, as it were, one-act musical comedy, "The Gay Lothario," is broadly popular. Its humour is sustained throughout by an excellent company, among whom Mr. Shaun Glenville is easily first as Sir George Toorish, a manager of many theatres and the admirer of many ladies. Of course, this production is not without its tango, which the Parisian dancers, Les Glorias, carry out with great success.

The Coliseum

"THE FOLLIES" RENEW THEIR YOUTH

THOSE who have travelled among the entertainments of the whole world had grown to look upon the Follies as an explicitly English form of fun which could not be seen or enjoyed anywhere but in our country. When on the death of the gifted Mr. Pélissier there seemed some likelihood of the company dying out, many were the regrets. But with the appearance of the company under the direction of Mr. Dan Everard we are again able to appreciate the particular kind of attraction which they exercise over so many different kinds of audience. Their present entertainment is on the same lines as in the early days of the company. Some six amusing songs and burlesques are given by four quick-witted actors and three ladies who are lively and possess good voices. Mr. J. G. Taylor is a little in the manner of Mr. Lewis, who used to grace this gathering, but he has plenty of individuality and humour of his own. There is a delightful quartette, "Theatrical A B C," words by Mr. Wimperis and music by Mr. Pélissier. This is followed by a gay little song, given by Miss Dollis Brooke, and "It's Really a Wonderful Country," a topical arrangement in which Mr. Taylor quite wins the hearts of the house. In fact, "The Follies" generally show their old skill in getting into very pleasant and easy relation with their audience.

"The Baked Potato Man," the haunting air of which one remembers of old, was admirably given, and then followed just two minutes' burlesque of absurd modern drama and five minutes of music-hall fun, with a stairway arrangement which they call "The Fiascolade." Other quaint humours followed, and the whole thing—short and to the point—was loudly applauded, and has evidently come to stay. Truly one missed certain old qualities and charms, but the present programme will constantly improve. The Follies of to-day will be as popular as the Follies of yesterday.

EGAN MEW.

Notes for Collectors

SOME INTERESTING SALES

AFTER long months of quiescence the great auction-rooms are beginning to fill with interested visitors and enthusiastic bidders.

One of the most engaging personalities among the world of collectors during our time was the late Mr. J. H. FitzHenry, whose name was often heard in connection with some of the most victorious purchases of Mr. Pierpont Morgan and many of the important loans to the ever-growing museum at South Kensington.

Mr. FitzHenry lived for some time at Thurloe Place, immediately opposite the Victoria and Albert, where, as he grew in years, he spent many happy meditative hours, and where one could often meet and chat with him on subjects of common interest, many of which were exemplified in the collections he had lent or given to the Museum.

Now he has passed away, comes the auctioneer. Messrs. Christie's have already disposed of the by no means unimportant collection of silver, and the Commonwealth and Norwich beakers, the work of William Horner, of Dublin, 1770, or of Christopher Shaw, 1656, have started again on their journey to the cabinets of other collectors. A plain tea-kettle of the period of George I reached the high price of 155s. per ounce, while pretty good figures were given for every sort of example of antique silver, English or foreign, which was in good condition. Indeed, the prices suggest that the interest in the subject has increased since last season.

On Monday, the 24th, and the two following days, the general works of art which Mr. FitzHenry had gathered together will be shown and sold in King Street. There is a considerable quantity of thirteenth to sixteenth foreign work which will greatly attract the modern buyer. The art of the Middle Ages has, of course, always been sought by the antiquary and connoisseur, but it is only of late that what may be called the general collector—including those passionate buyers, the Americans—has entered into this field of beauty and historic worth.

No doubt the Gothic ivories, the Limoges enamels, and old Italian bronzes will greatly delight this new world of purchasers almost as much as the miniatures, watches, bijouterie, and Sèvres, Dresden, and Oriental porcelains, with which they are more familiar.

Old pictures and drawings from the same collector's store, with some remarkable pictures removed from Sir Henry Stafford Jerningham's house at Costessey Park, will form still another group on the 21st, and thus what may be called the fine art sale season begins, and works painted in a hundred studios hundreds of years ago change hands again as quickly as the cards at auction bridge.

E. M.

Notes and News

The Sterling Mackinlay Operatic Society will give two performances of Mr. Sidney Jones' romantic opera, "My Lady Molly," at the King's Hall on December 12 and 13. Mr. Sterling Mackinlay will conduct, while the title rôle will be taken by his pupil, Miss Mabel Mann.

In connection with the revival of Sir James Barrie's comedy, "Quality Street," at the Duke of York's Theatre, Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips will open to-day an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, of a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson illustrating this story.

Among the new books for young people announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for early publication are "When I was a Little Girl," by Miss Zona Gale, which is described as a "real fairy story," after the style of "Peter Pan," and "Mothering on Perilous," by Lucy Furman, a story of the Kentucky mountains.

The next meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society will be held on Wednesday next, at 8 o'clock p.m., at 20, Hanover Square, when the following communications will be made: Mr. F. W. Chapman, F.R.M.S., "Notes on the Shell Structure in the Genus *Lingula*, Recent and Fossil"; and Mr. J. C. Kershaw, "Development of an Embiid."

The admirers of Benjamin Disraeli and students of his work will be pleased to learn that Mr. Murray hopes to publish within a few days the collection of his political writings, edited by Mr. William Hutcheon. The volume, which in appearance is uniform with the late Mr. Monypenny's biography, is entitled "Whigs and Whiggism."

The Music Club opens its season with a reception at the Grafton Galleries at 9 p.m. on Monday next. The principal feature of the programme will be the first performance in England of the recently composed Sonata for Violin and Piano by Erick Korngold, the boy composer. It will be played by Herr Nandor Zsolt, of Buda Pesth, where he is well known as a violinist, teacher and composer (who makes his first appearance in England), and Mr. Richard Epstein.

The late Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace wrote an introduction to a book entitled "The Case for Land Nationalisation," by Joseph Hyder, which will be published soon by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., at 2s. 6d. net. Mr. Hyder has given serious study to the subject, and traces its rise and growth, giving a large and interesting number of illustrations of the evils of the present system. He also draws attention to Land Values and Unearned Increment, the Leasehold System, the Agricultural and Housing Problems, Landlordism and Farmers in England and Ireland, and the Highland clearances in Scotland.

The Drama Society will present at a matinée on Tuesday, December 2, Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," and a new English version, by Rathmell Wilson, of Alfred de Musset's "Il faut qu'une porte

soit ouverte ou fermée," entitled "Open or Shut." Among those in the casts will be Mr. Rathmell Wilson, Mr. Henry Le Grand, Mr. Frederick Moyes, Mlle. Juliette Mylo, Miss Pax Robertson, and Miss Winifride Borrow. Signorina Dolores di Diego will recite. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Society at the International Club, 22a, Regent Street, S.W.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, November 7, and the *Münchener Zeitung*, November 8, hail the proposed dispatch of two of the most important German men-of-war on a long winter trip to West Africa and South America as the surest sign of the satisfactory turn which British-German relations have taken of late; whereas the imperialist *Tägliche Rundschau* for November 7 cannot conceal its alarm at what it calls "the weakening of our national defence," which might easily be taken advantage of by Germany's opponents. The *Berliner Börsen Zeitung* for November 11 has a very sympathetic reference to Sir Edward Grey's speech at Newcastle, of which it publishes a lengthy extract. The importance of this speech and of the statements made by the Russian Premier during his recent Paris visit, the paper avers, cannot be overrated.

The Royal Society of Arts will commence its 160th session on November 19 with an address by the chairman of the council, Colonel Sir Thomas H. Holdich, K.C.M.G. Before Christmas there will be four meetings besides the opening meeting. The first of these will be devoted to a paper by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, on "Zoological Gardens"; the second to a paper by Mr. John Umney, on "Perfumery." At the third, Mr. Thorne Baker will read a paper on "Applications of Electricity to Agriculture," and at the last meeting before Christmas, the question of the Channel Tunnel will be brought forward by Mr. Arthur Fell, M.P. A number of papers for the meetings after Christmas have also been promised, but the dates for these are not yet arranged. Amongst them will be a lecture by Sir Sidney Lee, on "Shakespeare's Life and Works," to be delivered under the Aldred Trust, which is intended for the promotion of literature as well as science.

Dr. Georg Brandes will arrive in London about the 20th of this month. He will give his first lecture (Shakespeare) at the Sheffield University, and on November 25, at Caxton Hall, the same lecture at 8.45 p.m., with Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D., in the chair. On November 27 (afternoon), at the *Times* Book Club, he will speak on "Friedrich Nietzsche," and on the 29th he will lecture on "Napoleon" at the Danish Club, "Danmart." On December 1 Dr. Brandes will lecture on "Nietzsche" at Essex Hall; on December 2 he will lecture at the Royal Society of Literature, with the Earl of Halsbury in the chair, and on December 5 at the London University, when Lord Reay has consented to preside. On Dr. Brandes' return from his lecture tour to the university towns in the United Kingdom he will give a final lecture on "Hamlet" at the Garrick Theatre, under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society. Besides the "welcome dinner" which the English authors are offering Dr. Brandes on November 27 at the Hotel Cecil, the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom and several other literary clubs in London are making arrangements to entertain him.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BRITISH NAVAL POLICY IN THE PACIFIC.—IV.

BY those people who retain belief in Japan's peaceful intent it will perhaps be urged that primarily her aim, like that avowed by Germany, is to obtain with other favoured nations "a place in the sun," to make her voice heard in the world's counsels. That may be so. But certain important considerations arise in regard to Japan which in the case of the European Powers are entirely absent. Whatever may be the limitations of Germany's financial resources, most emphatically she is not a poor country constantly haunted with the fear of national bankruptcy, and driven to her wits' end to frame ingenious devices for staying such a calamity. Again, unlike Japan, she has no helpless giant lying bound and at her mercy. And, finally, the civilisation of Germany is a white civilisation. We do not wish to dilate upon this latter point of difference between East and West. Social, ethical, and economic disparities among races will long remain the theme for philosophic discussion and inquiry; but the vital problems they represent can only be solved in the final subsidence of human antagonisms.

Nowhere is this truth more clearly evident than in the outlying territories of the British Empire. In Western Canada, in Australia and New Zealand, the laws relating to the exclusion of Asiatic peoples operate with as great a stringency as those which obtain on the Pacific coast of the United States. In every case the danger is realised to be the same, and in that respect a community of interests has begun to characterise the relations existing between America and the British Colonies.

We have already touched upon the importance of the Panama Canal, the opening of which to traffic is to be an event of the immediate future, as a ready means for the naval defence of American interests and ideals in the West. But it has another, and an equally important, bearing on the general situation. The work of man in severing two great continents and opening up a highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific is to find its richest reward in the cultural development that is sure to follow. Since the days when Spanish grandees and Elizabethan rovers first apprised the world that a vast ocean lay beyond the Americas, European civilisation has planted itself firmly along the shores of the Far West. It has penetrated still farther, and in the southern waters of the Pacific has witnessed the birth of two hardy nations: Australia and New Zealand.

During the last half century, however, the rise of Japan to a position of power and the awakening of China's millions to national consciousness have created a feeling of apprehension among these white peoples.

Their territories are rich in resource and wide in expanse, but as yet they can boast but meagre communities to hold so vast a heritage. Population, therefore, becomes a matter of urgent necessity; and it is in the general interests of the white peoples as a whole, in the Pacific region, that each State shall, in its own manner,

set about the task of encouraging desirable immigration to its shores. With the opening of the Panama Canal a new agency will have been created which cannot fail largely to assist this end as far as America and, perhaps, British Columbia, are concerned.

The future of our Colonies is bound up in the future of the Pacific, with all that we have shown the latter designation to imply. In other words, the question of the Pacific is to us an Imperial question. To the last Conference that was held in London the overseas delegates came primed with individual cases built up upon what they conceived to be their defensive requirements.

Within a few hours they had been admitted into the inner secrets of the Imperial Defence Committee; and in consequence of the revelations made to them they returned to their homes with somewhat broader ideas as to the best means of securing the safety of the Empire. At that time, it will be remembered, outstanding questions between England and Germany had given rise to strained relations, and up and down the North Sea our squadrons were ever on the alert. To-day, happily, a much better feeling prevails, and the excessive tension, which at such close range must have been apparent to our visitors, no longer exists. On the occasion of the next Conference, however, we may expect the representatives of the Dominions to advance their claims with more assurance. That they will be accorded a sympathetic and intelligent hearing there is no room for doubt. But the people of this country, if they are to do justice to their kinsmen, must bring something higher than ordinary intelligence to bear upon the questions that will be ventilated. To appreciate fully the needs of Empire it is necessary to give rein to the imaginative faculty, for then, and then only, does it become possible to realise and apportion the responsibilities.

We must meet the Colonies in no sectional spirit. Yet we should bear in mind that, in the very nature of things, they cherish legitimately their own aspirations and in some measure their own national ideals. Let us not fall into the gravely impolitic error of complaining that the development of such aspirations and ideals are leading inevitably to the "cutting of the painter." And, above all things, let us avoid the cardinal mistake of permitting any form of irksome control to creep into our Imperial policy. In a political sense, and from the standpoint of Imperial unity, the past has given us no cause to regret the granting of Colonial autonomy. Therefore, when the time arrives for discussing in practical detail the outer defences of the Empire, let us, as far as is consistent with efficiency, refrain from dwelling too much upon the necessity for naval centralisation. If Australia's dream is the ultimate establishment of an Australian Admiralty, it is not required of us to wring our hands in despair of ever attaining the ideal of Imperial unity. Let the bonds be loose, and there will be freedom of co-ordinate action.

However, then, the broad question embraced in the

term "Pacific Problem" is considered, whether it be the helplessness of China, the potentialities of Japanese Imperialism, the position of our Dominions and of the Anglo-Saxon peoples generally on the other side of the globe, or of our trade and commerce in that region, we are forced to the conclusion that although, perhaps, a situation of gravity belongs to the future and, certainly, "panic measures" are not warranted, nevertheless the time has arrived when the decision of the Admiralty to station only a minimum force in Eastern waters should be reconsidered. No longer can England afford to watch from a distance the developments that are shaping themselves in the Pacific. True, our alliance with Japan holds good to-day. But what of to-morrow? Will Japan continue to respect the integrity of China? Will she remain submissive under the ban which has been placed over her by America and the Dominions? If not, then her policy is shown to be aggressive in purpose, and must inevitably come into conflict with all that stands for British ideals. In such an event, England, who has fearlessly refused to include the naval strength of the United States in estimating the margin of superiority she shall maintain in Europe, would be found side by side with that nation, striving in common to preserve the balance of power in the Pacific.

MOTORING

SINCE its inception some seven or eight years ago, the Automobile Association and Motor Union has rendered splendid service, not merely to its own members, but to the whole community of motorists, and if its campaign for the adequate sign-posting of the roads of the country prove successful—as there is little doubt that it will—it will be entitled to the gratitude of every user of the roads, whether motorist, cyclist, driver of horsed vehicles, or pedestrian. The present method, or absence of method, of sign-posting is a positive disgrace to a civilised country. The sign-posts themselves are altogether insufficient in number, they are frequently placed in absurd positions and the information they give is not only usually inadequate, but in many cases totally misleading. It is no uncommon thing to find several of these direction posts, located at considerable distances apart on the same road, stating similar mileages to a given place, whilst in many other instances the names of the places indicated on the posts are most unintelligently selected, those of quite insignificant villages being given and the nearest places of importance being ignored. The fundamental reason for all this defective sign-posting is, of course, to be found in the fact that the duty of erecting the posts has always been delegated to local authorities, whose sole concern has been to look after the interests of their own localities. Now that the advent of the motor has completely altered the conditions of travel, and created an imperative need for an altogether broader, more informative, and more reliable direction system, it would seem that the reform

is one of such public importance that it should be carried through under national control and at the public expense. Or, at any rate, one would think that the Road Board, which was formed for the express purpose of improving the roads of the country, and which derives all its funds from the taxation of motorists, would take the matter up and devote a portion of its huge income to this very necessary work. But apparently there is a doubt as to whether the Board has the statutory power even to subscribe to the scheme, to say nothing about undertaking it in its entirety. It has therefore been left to the Automobile Association and Motor Union to take the initiative in the matter, and it may be said at once that no organisation is better equipped for the carrying out of the work with expedition and thoroughness. Its hundreds of patrols are familiar with practically every road in the country and its requirements in the matter of efficient sign-posting, and its well-earned reputation for thoroughness is a sufficient guarantee that the work would be done in a business-like manner and with the least possible delay. It is estimated that for a sum of £50,000 the whole country could be practically transformed, and an efficient and intelligent system of sign-posting substituted for the present misleading and chaotic state of affairs. For this sum, the Committee of the A.A. and M.U. now appeal to the public, offering a contribution of £5,000 as a basis for the fund. The amount required may appear formidable, but it is really insignificant, in view of the important and permanent value of the reform which it would ensure. It may be too much to expect that the general public will rise to the occasion, but every motorist in the country should feel it his duty to contribute something to the fund. At a moderate computation there are at least 200,000 owners of motor vehicles of one description or another in Great Britain, and, if each of these contributed a few shillings only, the problem would be solved. At the dinner recently held at the Savoy Hotel to inaugurate the movement, there were present many of the most distinguished members of the motoring world, including Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., Mr. Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, Mr. J. W. Orde, Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, Sir George Gibb, Chairman of the Road Board, Mr. Rees Jeffreys, Secretary of the Road Board, and Mr. H. P. Maybury, the well-known road and engineering expert, and many other notabilities, and the proceedings were of the most enthusiastic and harmonious nature. It only remains for the public in general, and for motorists in particular, to show their appreciation of the effort being made on their behalf by sending subscriptions, however modest, to enable this urgent reform to be commenced without delay. All remittances and communications on the subject should be addressed to Mr. Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the A.A. and M.U., Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.

The attendance at Olympia during last week is stated to have much exceeded that of any previous motor exhibition, notwithstanding the large reduction in the number of free passes issued, and from all quarters come reports of record sales having been effected. Many of the makers of the small and comparatively inexpensive cars disposed of the whole of their potential outputs for the next season, but it is worthy of note that this widespread demand for the cheap car does not seem to have adversely affected the business done in the high-class motor vehicle. To take the Napier, for example, Mr. H. T. Vane, the general manager of the company, informs us that on Thursday last—when the admission was 5s.—more than twice the number of Napiers were sold from the stand than on any one day during any previous exhibition.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is ready for a rise; that is to say, the dealers are short of shares. The small public is anxious to gamble, but on every occasion when quotations are marked up the big houses come in and sell; then a reaction occurs. This has been going on for months past. I am afraid that we shall see these spasmodic markets right through to the end of the year. We must remember that although the dealers are all short, a great deal of stock has been pawned with banks, consequently everyone who has borrowed money becomes more nervous as the end of the year approaches, and every bank gives its clients a gentle hint to reduce their loans. Everyone is also nervous over the position in Mexico. Well-informed Americans consider that President Wilson does not mean to be forced into war, but there is always the danger that some unforeseen incident will excite the United States and prevent the President from carrying out his plans in peace. Some people think that if Carranza could supersede Huerta all would be well, but such optimists do not understand Mexico. The Mexican loves fighting, and although Carranza is glad enough to fight his rival, he would be still happier if he were in arms against the United States. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the Oil interests in Mexico. Some people pretend that the Pearson interests are backing Huerta, and that the Standard Oil people are pushing on Wilson. No doubt each Oil King has his own sympathies, but it is ridiculous to think that the war has been caused by the Oil magnates. It is the result of the long despotism of Diaz. We must also remember that until Diaz came into power guerilla warfare had been chronic in Mexico for nearly half a century. The country has merely reverted to its original state. Intervention on the part of the United States seems inevitable, and the Yellow Press of New York has now begun a campaign in its favour. If intervention does take place it will be a long and expensive job. In the meantime, no one should hold any Mexican securities, not even those of the Mexican Railway, which sooner or later must become involved in the struggle. There is

some talk of the rebels seizing the Mexico North Western. The promoters of that line would probably be glad; it would give them the excuse to default on the prior lien bonds, an opportunity they are anxiously looking for.

The Dominion Steel Corporation has offered £700,000 five year six per cent. notes at 97, secured on bonds of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company. In the opinion of my friends in Canada these notes are not a desirable holding. The Barlock Typewriter Company offered 65,000 seven per cent. participating cumulative preference shares, the holders of which divide equally with the ordinary after the latter have received ten per cent. The profits are certified from 1906 to 1913, and range from £4,489 to £6,931. The shares are only a doubtful commercial risk. The Ahama Tobacco and Rubber Company is our old friend the Avreboo in another form. I should imagine that the experience of those who put money into the Avreboo was so painful that no one is likely to subscribe to the venture in its reconstructed form.

MONEY.—Money still keeps fairly hard. The last Bank return was good, but it is unlikely that rates will fall for some time; the only thing we can hope is that they will not go up. New York has decided not to draw money from London, although on paper the transaction would appear to be profitable. Egypt has now taken all the gold she wants, and within the next few weeks she will be realising a portion of the nine millions she has had. This will ease matters a little; but there is no severe stringency, and I do not expect that any will occur.

FOREIGNERS.—The French loan is to come out in a month's time. The amount is fixed at fifty-two millions, and the annual interest and sinking fund service will be three millions. Naturally, although the issue price has not been fixed definitely, the loan will be a huge success. The French banks completely control the purse-strings of their customers, and as it is of the utmost importance that the loan should be largely over-subscribed, we may be sure that nothing approaching a failure will be permitted. Between now and the middle of December the Foreign market is likely to be kept strong, and I therefore advise holders of all Near East securities such as Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks and Turks to get out whilst the market is good, for the Continent will be flooded with issues of these countries, and a serious depreciation in prices will occur during next year. A meeting was held in the crypt of the Greek Church last week which was attended by the most influential members of the Greek colony in London. It was then decided to do everything possible to popularise Greek securities in Great Britain. We may, therefore, expect to see very remarkable statements made as to the future of Greece. But I am afraid that the Greek debt will have to be entirely reorganised sooner or later. Tintos have naturally been weak. Both the fire and the strike have frightened people, and various rumours are going round the City with regard to the management at the mine. It is said that the strike could have been easily avoided if the English staff had only behaved with some sort of forbearance.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is harder. The fact is all the quotations were at perfectly ridiculous levels. People seem to forget that when they buy Great Western, London and North Western or North Eastern to-day they are buying a stock which has four and a half months' dividend accrued. This is a very important matter which is often entirely overlooked by the investor. There is no possibility of any reduction in dividend. On the contrary, there is every chance that the distribution on the year will be increased. I think that railway direc-

tors will probably stretch a point in this direction because if they can increase their dividends this should mean a higher price to be paid for the common stock in the event of the Government purchasing the lines. There has been a certain amount of buying of the Scotch stocks, and it has been pointed out that during the last half year the Scotch lines had to substitute the poor month of January for the good one of July. In the case of the Glasgow and South Western the difference between the receipts in those two months last year was no less than £59,300. It is expected that the gross increase for the whole year on this line will be over £120,000, and "bulls" think that the dividend will be $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year. At the present price of 41 the deferred ordinary would then yield $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. North British got $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1912. The gross traffics for the current half year to date show an increase of £323,000. If North British could raise their dividend to 2 per cent. the yield on this stock would be nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In truth, prices in the Home Railway market are much too low.

YANKEES.—The American market is not likely to move much either one way or the other before the end of the year. There is no news of any importance, except a rumour that the Government has come to terms with the Steel Trust over the dissolution of the suit. This, in view of the well-known Anti-Trust feeling of the President seems most unlikely. The Wabash report shows a deficit, but no new scheme of reorganisation has yet been brought out. Kansas City, Mexico and Orient appears to be getting through its troubles, and the courts will be asked to authorise the issue of 50,000,000 dollars common stock, 11,000,000 dollars 4 per cent. prior lien bonds, and 31,000,000 dollars 4 per cent. adjustment bonds. Whether this reorganisation will have any real effect on the prosperity of the line is doubtful. At any rate the Mexican portion of the railway may be considered as practically dead. Canadas continue their erratic course, but on the whole the tendency is downwards, and it is likely to continue in this direction. The "bears" have been buying back their Mexican rails, and we may now expect a further relapse.

RUBBER.—Rubber is being gradually pushed up in price and Plantation is now quoted at 2s. 5d. There is no doubt that Mr. Lampard is utilising both his money and his credit to make the market good. Also, the "bears" in the Stock Exchange begin to think that prices are quite low enough, and have been steadily buying back for the past fortnight. I strongly advise my readers to get out of Linggis, which are much too high. The various small shares have also risen quite considerably, and they also should be sold. Vallambrosas look dear at 14s., and Consolidated Malay, Highlands and Malaccas are all overvalued. Unless holders take advantage of the present rise they will find themselves landed. Sennah harvested 380,045 lbs. of rubber, which sold at 3s. 2d., and made a profit of £21,705. The board very wisely wrote off preliminary expenses and underwriting and carried forward the balance, £10,571.

OIL.—The Oil market has been quite hard; indeed, one might almost say that there has been a small boom. However, during the last day or two many people have been taking their profit. All sorts of tips are going round the market, but on the whole it seems that Red Seas and North Caucasians have both reached the top, and anyone who has a profit on these shares should certainly take it. I also think that Roumanian Consolidated might be sold. The British Maikop report was distinctly good, and the directors very wisely utilised the whole of the profits in writing down the properties and writing off preliminary expenses. This is a very sound finance. Unfortunately, in spite of a large number of new wells having been sunk,

the production does not increase. This is one of the worst characteristics of the Maikop region. Lagunitos report shows a balance to be carried forward of £1,059, after writing off over £21,000. Further lands are to be acquired and depots are to be opened at Panama, and a refinery and oil storages are to be built. To pay for this 30,000 preference shares have been underwritten at 25s. a share, and an issue of £20,000 debentures will also be made to pay for the property. The present profits are stated to be about £3,000 a month, and under the scheme for purchasing the new land, £35,500 additional cash would be provided. The capital of the company is to be increased.

MINES.—Practically no business at all has been done in the Mining market, the Gold Fields report, which was extremely bad, having made the whole market stupid. The Land boom appears to have fallen flat, and the market in Chartered looks tired. Diamonds have been weak, and all the Rhodesian gambling counters have been sold. There has been some sharp speculation in Mount Elliots, and a dividend is promised. If the shares rise holders should certainly get out. It is said that the company is purchasing a new property. Only the most blatant optimist can see any future in the Mining market.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market Breweries still find buyers, and if the rise continues holders of Brewery ordinary shares should certainly take advantage of the little boom to get out. Debentures in first-class Breweries, as I have long been preaching, are very much undervalued, but I cannot say the same about ordinary stocks. The Strand Hotel report was admirable, and the securities can be safely held. National Steam Cars have been bought. The Canadian Northern report is now out and, as was anticipated, shows a considerable increase in net earnings. Nevertheless, I am assured that the physical condition of the road is extremely bad, and that the financial position of the company is far from good. Therefore I urge all holders of Canadian Northern bonds to get out whilst they have the chance

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLISH DRAMATISTS AND TANGO TEAS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The musical comedy at which we once sneered is now a classic height. Viennese operettas may have a moment yet to run—*strascicando*—but their frigid stateliness is rendered out of date by the more genial Revue. And at last the Tango Teas have gained Olympus. Who is to blame for it all?

My own opinion is that ninety-five per cent. of the mischief is rightly chargeable to our present-day writers. For please observe that while our native drama is suffering extinction the same thing must be said of the novel. Down, down, down! The banning boom, the draper's window, anything! Take the names of recent books and reflect upon the high intention of their authors. When not obviously pornographic these writers aim at pleasing through a kind of smartness in getting in the demi-semiquavers—the method is as old as Defoe, but the mind is the mind of the board school. Like the board-school youth these persons appear ignorant of life and manners. They make large incomes, but they are incapable of achieving for themselves that outlook of sincerity and serenity which differentiates the gentleman from the motor-owning suburban. The same has occurred on our stage.

There is one reason at the back of all this, a reason founded in the elemental facts of human nature. Let once the artist cease to be the exacting high priest of his own ideals and art descends into the gutter. And the pathetic note about the whole business is that nobody derives any pleasure out of it. Even in its Saturnalia human nature loves to occupy itself with something just beyond its reach. By giving "what the public wants" you disappoint the public, though it may not immediately realise the fact.

The Press could do something, but there is an idea prevailing among the newspapers that drama should deal with modern problems in terms of modern life, and those few writers who have the wit to recognise what was so happily said in a recent article in *THE ACADEMY* have no chance in the scramble. Great things must be said in a great moment, and great moments must always be created by obedience to fundamental laws so well understood by the Greeks and the Elizabethans. Only a fortnight ago the *Times* expressed the wish to see poetic drama set in a "London flat or country rectory," which is not only a gratuitous insult to the author under review, but an assumption of the gifts of prophecy which no reviewer has ever justified. The art of dramatic writing, like any other art, will always owe its development to the creative artist, and when he listens to another voice—even though it were an angel's—we are not far distant from the Tango Tea.

I may be told that even dramatists must live. My reply is that suicide does not commend itself to me as a means of existence. But I may add that if any scheme can be presented to me whereby some small theatre may be built and dedicated to poetic drama I should appreciate the opportunity to become a shareholder. I am, etc.,

East Molesey.

TOP-SIDE GALOW.

"LYCIDAS" AND THE LOSS OF THE *TITANIC*.

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—The sad misfortune that overtook the steamer *Voltorno* in mid-ocean, though happily attended with a far less loss of life than might have been anticipated, naturally recalls the still more disastrous fate of the *Titanic* in April of last year, when upwards of fifteen hundred persons were doomed to a watery grave. Journalists have not failed to point out the totally different state of the weather, and other attendant circumstances that marked these two untoward occurrences.

While following up a literary clue lately I was forcibly struck by the aptness of certain lines in Milton's immortal elegy, "Lycidas," to express an almost exactly similar state of weather conditions at the time of the shipwreck of the Irish packet nearly three hundred years ago, as when the mammoth steamship was lost; save that a submerged rock instead of an iceberg was the objective cause of the calamity in the former case, and the temperature was necessarily much lower in the latter. As I am not aware that the lines in question have been quoted before in this connection, I will now venture to recall them: it will be remembered that the poem was called forth by the drowning of Milton's former Cambridge friend, Edward King, while on his way to visit Ireland:

"But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

Masson's note on King's death reads: "The vessel had gone but a little way, was still on the Welsh coast, and not out into the open channel, when on August 10 [1637], in perfectly calm weather, she struck on a rock not far from land, and foundered. Some seem to have escaped in a boat, but most went down with the ship, and among them Edward King. His body was never recovered."—(*Edition of Milton's Poetical Works*, Vol. II, p. 188.)

Though somewhat belated, the parallel seems worth recording. Yours obediently,
N. W. H.
New York.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—The corrected proof of my review last week of Sir Edward Cook's "Life of Florence Nightingale" apparently reached the office too late.

There is one mistake so important, that I should be glad of the opportunity to correct it. A quotation from a letter of Miss Nightingale reads:—"The nursing was nil. The hospital was certainly the worst part of Kaiserswerth. I took all the training there was to be had—there was more to be had in England, but Kaiserswerth was far from having trained me."

Miss Nightingale actually wrote: "There was none to be had in England."

The significance of this statement is obvious in its bearing on Florence Nightingale's whole life and mission.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

P. A. M. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Walter Pater Calendar*. (Frank Palmer. 1s. net.)
The Ibsen Calendar. (Frank Palmer. 1s. net.)
A Winter in India: Light Impressions of its Cities, Peoples and Customs. By A. B. Spens. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)
What is Education? By Stanley Leathes, C.B., M.A. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
L'Esthétique de la Lumière. By Paul Sourian. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 10 fr.)
Is Christianity a Colossal Failure? By One of the Bees. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)
A Woman's Winter in Africa. By Charlotte Cameron. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

JUVENILE.

- Nancy in the Wood*. By Marion Bryce. Illustrated by K. Clausen. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Pitman's Year Book and Diary*, 1914; *International Journal of Ethics*; *Guthna Bhadrana*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Bookseller*; *The Collegian*; *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*; *La Revue*; *Literary Digest*; *Revue Critique*; *Constitution Papers*; *Mercur de France*; *Revue Bleue*; *Cambridge Magazine*; *Publishers' Circular*.